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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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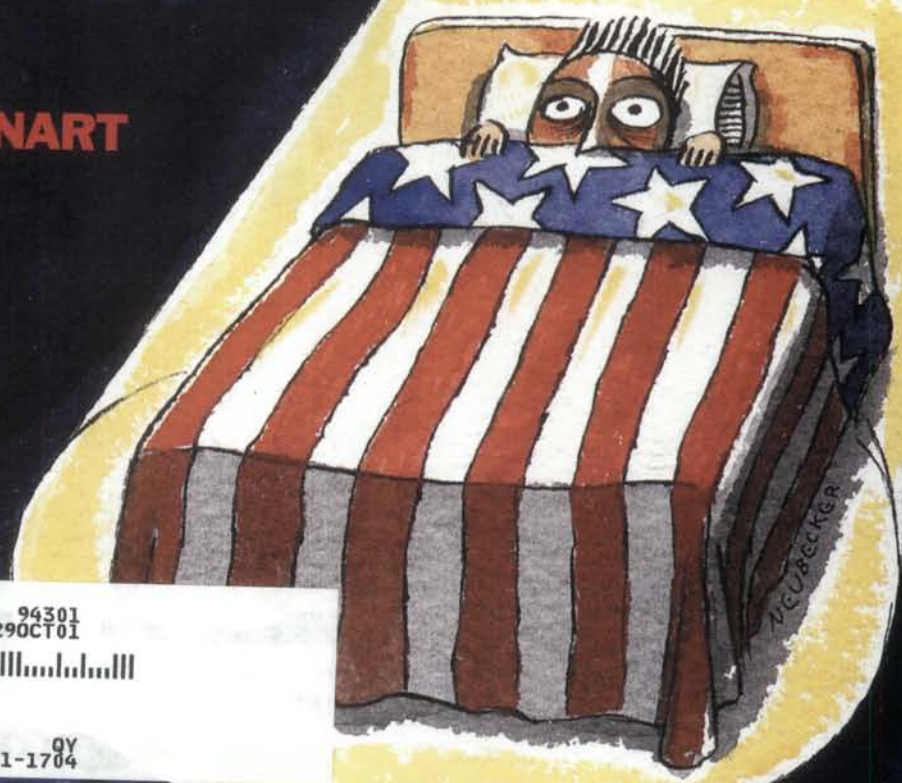
BY PETER BEINART

JACKSON LEARS: CAPITALISM TAMED AND UNTAMED



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FEBRUARY 15, 1999

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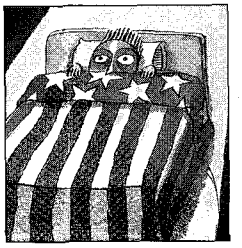

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CORRESPONDENCE

Better days

To the editors:
Gregg Easterbrook's "America the O.K." is full of interesting arguments and data (January 4 & 11). But I'm unable to make sense of a few sentences. Easterbrook writes: "It's common to hear analysts bemoaning the fact that median household income has risen only slightly in the past quarter-century. But the standard concept doesn't take into account that fewer and fewer people live in the median household: factor that in, and household income is up about 15 percent since 1970." Are there fewer people in the median household because more household incomes are distant from the median? Surely Easterbrook's point is not that higher earning households are better off. What, then, is he "factor-[ing] in" when he claims that household income "is up about 15 percent since 1970"?

GIL KLAJMAN
Cedar Grove, New Jersey

To the editors:
Back in the '70s, we baby boomers talked about the Vietnam War, the threat of nuclear armageddon, and a presidential attempt to rig an election. Now, according to Gregg Easterbrook, we talk about our houses, our kids, our 401(k)s, and our president's libido. Yes, times are good!

ALAN COLLINS
Havertown, Pennsylvania

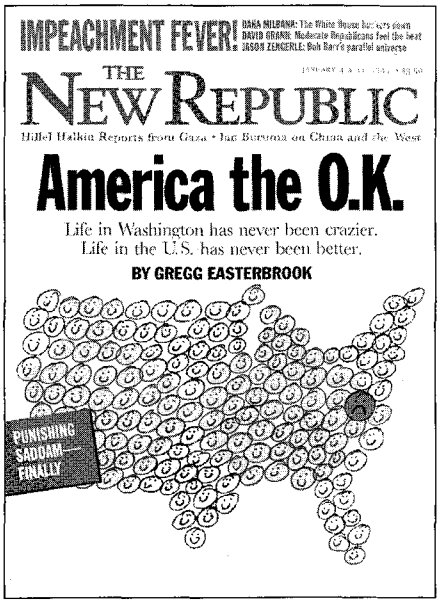
To the editors:
Doesn't anyone question the U.N.'s fantasy figure estimating an annual cost of $40 billion to provide food, clean water, health care, shelter, and literacy for everyone on the entire planet? That's about $6.50 per person per year.

DAVID SODA
Hamburg, New York

Gregg Easterbrook replies:
To answer Gil Klajman's question, if in 1970 the median household contained four people and its income was X, and in 1999 the median household contains three people and its income is still X, there is more income per person in the median household, even if the level of income is the same. That's the point. To answer David Soda's question, the U.N. figure is obviously a guesstimate, but it might not be unrealistic given how much less everything costs in the developing world. Today roughly a billion people live in destitute conditions. Spending $40 per person per year (by my count) on this group would materially improve their lives. Remember, we're not talking about providing heart transplants, Evian, or college tuition: just clean water, antibiotics, and literacy.

Warning signs

To the editors:
I appreciate Hillel Halkin's ability to describe Israeli fears that Palestinians don't mean it when they renounce the goal of destroying Israel ("Mixed Signals," January 4 & 11). But Halkin inaccurately depicts Palestinians as culturally more ruthless and vengeful than Israelis when he writes: "For Israelis, men who


IMPEACHMENT FEVER!
THE NEW REPUBLIC
Hillel Halkin Reports from Gaza
America the O.K.
Life in Washington has never been crazier.
Life in the U.S. has never been better.
BY GREGG EASTERBROOK
PUNISHING SADDAM—FINALLY

blow up women and children are criminals who belong in jail. But in traditional Palestinian life revenge taken on the family of the killers of your family is an expected thing."

Yes, many Palestinians justify terrorism as a necessary "military" action. But many Israelis support IDF bombing raids into Lebanon, which have killed thousands of civilians and driven hundreds of thousands of people from their homes. Frequently the Jewish state's military response to an attack is to counterattack in even greater proportion, including hitting civilian centers. Israel has given the Palestinians (and other Arab neighbors) plenty of reasons to see Israelis as the more callous and bloodthirsty people.

MAURICE D. HARRIS
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

To the editors:
Israeli apprehensions that the Palestinians do not mean what they say when they declare their willingness to settle for a mini-state in Gaza and the West Bank are well-founded. There are many signs, for those who will see them, that the Palestinians want all of Israel and some of Jordan besides.

The Palestinian Authority's new official map of "Palestine" includes all of Israel and shows holy sites of Muslims and Christians, but not of Jews. Children in PA camps learn that Israel is an occupied territory waiting to be liberated, and the PA divides them into brigades bearing the names of Israeli cities. The Fatah website includes a statement that Fatah's goal is the "complete liberation of Palestine and eradication of Zionist economic, political, military, and cultural existence." How much more explicit evidence do the Israelis need?

GIDEON ISAAC
New Haven, Connecticut

Giving style

To the editors:
In her discussion of Alexander Nehamas's project of creative self-fashioning as presented in *The Art of Living* ("The Cult of the Personality," January 4 & 11), Martha C. Nussbaum rhetorically asks, "[W]hy should one do this, when one might also use those same talents to argue on behalf of policies that will help us to advance the goals of social justice or to reduce group hatred?" These are noble causes indeed, and Nussbaum is greatly to be commended for her work in their direction; but part of Nehamas's project is to suggest that it may not be desirable, either for individuals or for a society, that everyone do exactly the same thing in life.

Do we really want the entire world population to be made up of moral philosophers? Nussbaum's argument is one that the sophists made against Plato—Why sit around perfecting yourself when you could teach politics?—and that many have made, more recently, against public funding for the arts. Our society, some say, needs hospitals, schools, and police, not novels, poems, and plays. And in one way they are right, yet who would want to live in a clean, safe world from which all creativity (including that of self-fashioning) had been banished?

Perhaps it will soon be considered decadent to be a moral philosopher in Chicago.

JOSHUA LANDY
Stanford, California

Martha C. Nussbaum replies:
Nehamas and I were not discussing lives in general, nor did I make any comment on how poets and novelists should

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live or write. Our difference concerned the topic of Nehamas's book: the "self-fashioning" of philosophers who have chosen the practical side of philosophy. His thesis, as I understand it, is that one worthwhile way to pursue practical philosophy is to devote one's career to a type of self-fashioning that neither benefits humanity nor reveals truths that can be shared by many, but simply makes the writer unforgettable. I, by contrast, argued that the legitimate purposes of practical philosophy are to pursue the truth and to help humanity.

Unordinary German

To the editors:

Omer Bartov argues that Victor Klemperer's diaries have been misrepresented here and in Germany as an absolution of ordinary Germans from the anti-Semitic excesses of National Socialism ("The Last German," December 28, 1998). This aspect of the diaries, he writes, is less significant than the fact that they were written by a man who "ends up perceiving himself as the only German to have withstood the assault of Nazism." But, in downplaying the numerous instances of goodwill shown Jews by German grocers, tramcar conductors, policemen, tax officials, prison guards, et al., Bartov is doing the misrepresenting. This is precisely where the diaries' main interest lies. It remains now for scholars to elucidate this surprising and confounding knowledge, to place it in its proper context, to corroborate it. After all, it may turn out that Klemperer's experience of pervasive goodwill from ordinary Reich Germans is a delusion that is of a piece with his underlying delusion (the clinical term is apt—Bartov himself uses it) that he is a German at root and that his role is as protector of the flame of true German culture.

MICHAEL GOODMAN
Lexington, Massachusetts

Holy war

To the editors:

In your Notebook section you mention our government's concern not to hurt the sensibilities of the Muslim world by attacking Iraq during Ramadan, a holy month in Islam (January 4 & 11). But, when the Arabs (Egypt and Syria) attacked Israel in the Yom Kippur War of 1973, not only were they "careless" about Jewish religious sensibilities; they made it a special point to attack Israel on this, its holiest of all days, so as to catch the Israeli army with its guard down. They brilliantly succeeded in that and afflicted great casualties and damage to the Israelis.

I don't recall anybody, including our own government, shedding any crocodile tears over that.

GERARDO JOFFE
President, Facts and Logic about the Middle East (FLAME)
San Francisco, California

Global threats

To the editors:

In your January 4 & 11 editorial "Wag the Fox," you state that "the threat posed by Saddam Hussein's weapons of mass destruction is different in kind from the threat posed by any other weapons of mass destruction anywhere else in the world, because *he has already used them.*" Need you be reminded of Hiroshima and Nagasaki?

BOB KENYON
Batavia, Illinois

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036 (letters may also be sent electronically to: submissions@tnr.com). All letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please do not send letters via fax.

Is "Ally" a Four-letter Word?

After a half century of strong ties, are U.S.-Israel relations now frayed by:

- Personality clashes between leaders?
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- Growing U.S-Palestinian relations?

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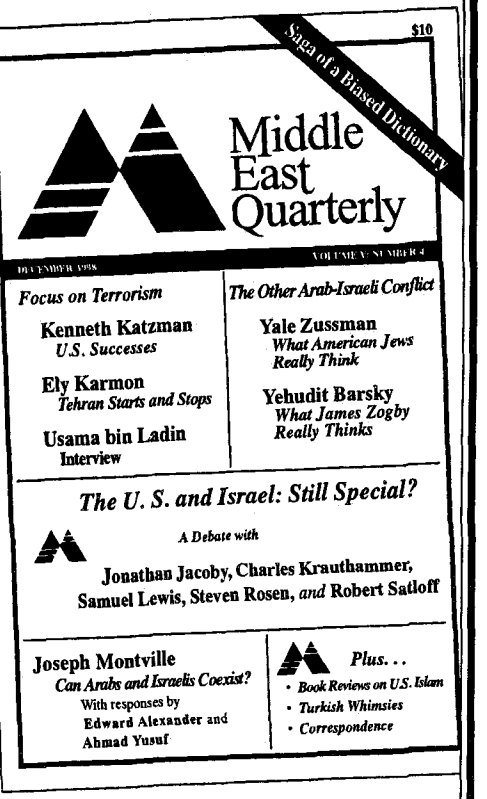

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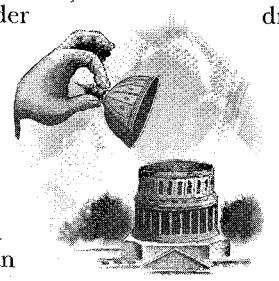
FROM WASHINGTON

Unspecial Olympics

In the wake of the recent revelations about Olympic corruption, there's been no shortage of proposals to clean up the games. The International Olympic Committee, trying to stay one step ahead of the lynch mob, has offered to change its selection process for choosing host cities—entrusting the job to a 15-person committee instead of the membership at large—so that cities will no longer feel the need to spend millions of dollars wooing the more than 100 IOC members for their votes. Some outside the IOC, perhaps worrying that it will still be expensive to win the votes of the 15-person committee, have suggested holding the Olympics in a permanent location, like Switzerland, thus scrapping the selection process. And really radical types have called for taking the games away from the IOC altogether and turning them over to a more responsible and accountable international body like UNESCO.

But none of these reforms gets at the real problem with today's Olympics. The scandal involving Salt Lake City's bid to host the 2002 Winter Games—and the similar scandals being uncovered by the day in other cities—are hardly surprising when you consider how much money is now wrapped up in the Olympics. The IOC estimates that each set of Summer and Winter Games is worth $10 billion. Whereas the Olympics were once a money-losing enterprise and stood for the ideal of human excellence, today they are a moneymaking opportunity and stand for human greed. Indeed, the Olympics are already so far gone that there's really only one surefire way to fix them: abolish them.



The decline of the Olympics traces back to two key decisions the IOC made in the early '80s. The first decision came in a 1981 meeting in Baden-Baden, Germany, when the IOC, under the leadership of its new president, Juan Antonio Samaranch, granted the individual international sports federations the right to determine which athletes were eligible for the Olympics. Whereas the IOC had once restricted participation in the games to amateurs, the individual sports federations had different ideas.

And, as the individual federations began to allow professional athletes to compete in their respective Olympic events, the games' tenor changed dramatically—both in and out of competition. Away from the playing fields, almost all of the Olympic athletes had once shared the bonding experience of living together in the Olympic Village. But, with the introduction of professionals, the Olympic Villages emptied out somewhat. Sure, the athletes who played low-profile sports maintaining amateur requirements—curling, team handball, and so on—roughed it in the glorified college dorms. But a number of the professional athletes, who could afford better accommodations, stayed in luxury hotels.

Moreover, the professional athletes brought their professional attitudes to the competition itself. The French aristocrat Baron Pierre de Coubertin, who revived the games in 1896, once declared, "The important thing at the Olympic Games is not to win but to take part; for the essential thing in life is not to conquer but to struggle well." But "struggling well" doesn't bring in endorsement dollars, and it wasn't long before winning began to take on added importance. That importance, not surprisingly, has led to an increase in the use of performance-enhancing drugs. Whereas that sort of cheating had once been confined to the athletes who performed at the behest of Eastern bloc regimes hell-bent on victory over their Western rivals, today doping knows no ideological or geographical boundaries. Indeed, some experts estimate that more than 30 percent of Olympic athletes use performance-enhancing drugs.

The second critical decision came in 1983, when Samaranch and the IOC made a move that turned the Olympics into a moneymaking machine. With the creation of its New Sources of Finance Commission, the IOC looked to capitalize on what its marketing expert dubbed "the most valuable unexploited symbol in the world"—the Olympic Rings. Before Samaranch, the IOC had a Commission for the Protection of the Olympic Emblems that was charged with

continued on page 41

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

FEBRUARY 15, 1999

AD HOMONYM

The origins of the word "niggardly" are the subject of some disagreement. The tenth edition of *Merriam Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* cites Scandinavian lineage, dating back to the sixteenth century. The *Barnhard Dictionary of Etymology* traces the word back even further, to the 1300s and the Middle English words "nig" and "nigon," both of which meant "miser." Some scholars speculate that the word has different origins, from Old Icelandic to Middle High German. There are, however, two things about which all dictionaries and etymologists seem to agree: first, that "niggardly" is an adjective, defined as "grudgingly mean about spending," and, second, that "niggardly" has never had any racial connotation.

We provide this information as a public service to the residents of Washington, D.C., and a now-unemployed man named David Howard. Howard is—or was—head of the District's Office of Public Advocate, which serves as a liaison between local residents and the city government. He was recently appointed to that position by Anthony Williams, the District's new mayor and by many accounts the most realistic hope for saving the city from its historic tailspin.

But, on January 15, Howard used the word "niggardly" in conversation with two employees while discussing financial management. Right after he uttered the word, Howard, who is white, realized that members of his staff, several of whom are black, took offense, thinking he had used a racial slur. Realizing what had happened, Howard immediately explained what he had meant—and apologized for the confusion.

The story did not end there, however. Rumors that he'd uttered a racial epithet spread through the city. Phone calls poured into Howard's office as well as the mayor's. As the pressure mounted on Williams to do something, Howard did the unthinkable—and tendered his resignation. "I would never think of making a racist remark," he said. "I realize that this rumor has severely compromised my effectiveness as the District's public advocate." *Effectiveness?* Even more unthinkably, the mayor accepted his offer. "We're trying to bring our city together," Williams said.

And so the city, in the course of being remade, has again been undone. We are now separated, it seems, not only by color but by etymology. Words no longer have meaning—only consequences. We have all become prisoners of homonyms.

Marion Barry, William's predecessor, would be proud. During his tenure, the nation's capital, which is 60 percent black, became a prisoner of racial politics. Unfortunately, the old mayor was never niggardly. He generously appointed his cronies to government positions and doled out contracts to his friends. City services soon atrophied, and corruption flourished. When reformers came close to toppling him, Barry would do what Johnnie Cochran, Al Sharpton, and Maxine Waters did: play the race card. Insisting that white reformers were trying to take the city away from its population, he would ignite racial tensions in the name of easing them. The city became famous for its paranoid style of politics. Williams, who won election this year only after Barry voluntarily stepped down, was supposed to help bring an end to this era. Alas, he has failed in his first test.

Of course, Williams had plenty of help. Even before Howard's resignation, Williams, who is black, was being attacked for his perceived racial insensitivity because he has so many whites on his staff. On January 17, *The Washington Post* Outlook section ran an extraordinary piece questioning whether Williams was—as it indelicately put it in the headline—"black enough." "We have seen whites toss us leaders with black skin who have turned out to be Trojan horses," the author quoted a resident as saying. No wonder Williams blinked. When Howard finally did resign, the *Post* headlined its story "TOP D.C. AIDE RESIGNS OVER RACIAL RUMOR"—as if there was some chance the rumor of invoking the slur were accurate.

The irony is that niggardly is not a bad word. It is, in a city of profligate spenders, a good word. We note, too, some recent users of it: the left-wing journalist Barbara Ehrenreich, in a *Harper's* article referring to stripped-down health insurance plans, and the African American football player, Shannon Sharpe of the Denver Broncos, who used it to describe his own attitude toward giving out compliments. The last we checked, Ehrenreich was still writing for *Harper's*, and Sharpe was still planning to play in Sunday's Super Bowl.

Apparently, a different standard applies in Washington. Acknowledging that the word "niggardly" is not itself racist, Williams went on to explain that Howard

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showed poor judgment in using the word—and that "good judgment is required in executive positions." We couldn't agree more—and wish Williams would have shown some. In his explanation of the situation, Williams cited a "hurt" and a "great divide" in the city—echoing the themes of his promising campaign. He also insisted that the city would never rebound from its current state of decay until its citizens were prepared to talk openly about race. How true, indeed. And how sad that, in accepting Howard's resignation, Mayor Williams has now made that task even more difficult. •

NOTEBOOK

LOOK HER RIGHT IN THE SCREEN: So now the Senate will entertain at least three witnesses, following a plea from the House managers that direct testimony is imperative to judging truthfulness. "Look into the eyes and test the credibility of these witnesses," Representative Ed Bryant implored the Senate. Except—it's all going to be on videotape. Look into the eyes? There'll be 100 men and women squinting at video monitors. Some test of credibility. If the goal of witnesses is to let members of the Senate bring to bear their years of experience judging people's sincerity as reflected by their demeanor, then invite the witnesses to the Senate well, where legislators can interact with them as human beings. Don't ossify the witnesses into two-dimensional videotape, to be replayed again and again but never to yield any personal insight. And definitely don't leave the questioning to the House managers and the Clinton lawyers instead of letting the senators themselves determine which questions are worth asking. Of course, the House managers likely came up with the videotaping idea precisely because they fear the eye-to-eye possibilities. Monica might break down under Salem-like hectoring, causing a wave of sympathy. Vernon Jordan might do a masterful job of addressing the senators without temerity and showing no guilt or fear. He also might wrap himself in the cloak of civil rights law, neutralizing the managers' attempts to slip on that garment. Videotape, on the other hand, will create the sort of flat, prosecutorial documentary effect that's most creepy—gigantic heads deliberately answering legalistic questions from disembodied voices. It'll give Republican political operatives prime footage to peddle to cable stations or use in future negative advertising. In real-world trials, witnesses are usually only seen on video if they're no longer alive or if there is some extreme extenuating circumstance. Neither reason applies here, unless that extenuating circumstance is the Republican managers' fear that the Senate would, in fact, actually look the witnesses in the eye.

CLASSLESS ACT: Last Monday, Representative Henry Hyde gave voice to the latest and most ludicrous reason yet why the Senate hasn't swallowed the managers' case whole. "I sort of feel that we have fallen short in the respect side because of the fact that we represent the House, the other body, kind of blue-collar people," he said from the Senate floor. Class tensions between the two chambers are nothing new and do have some basis in fact. (Nearly a fifth of the Senate appears on *Roll Call*'s recent list of the 50 wealthiest members of Congress.) But does the fact that only seven percent of the House cracked the top 50 make it "blue collar"? It is difficult to comprehend how Hyde can claim the historical label of the Springsteen demographic for a group of people earning $136,700 this year. If Hyde is really worried about a relatively small, wealthy group overlooking the interests of a relatively large and less affluent group, he would do well to consider the polls indicating that, outside the Beltway, the American public (which in 1996 earned a median family income of $42,300) continues to strongly disapprove of what he and his House manager pals are doing.

REMEMBERING AN UNCOMMON MAN: George L. Mosse, who died last week in Madison, Wisconsin, at the age of 80, and whose writing appeared for many years in these pages, was a historian who redefined the interpretation of European fascism and Hitler's Germany, and who made decisive contributions to the tradition of liberal historiography of modern Europe. He was a man of uncommon intellectual vivacity and a great teacher. One of the most distinguished members of the remarkable generation of German and German-Jewish refugees from Hitler's Germany, Mosse examined, in more than 25 books and in countless essays, the irrationalism, the racialism, and the nationalism that contributed to the destruction of liberal institutions and values in twentieth-century Europe. He taught European intellectual and cultural history at the University of Wisconsin at Madison and at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, where generations of students learned about the reality of myth in the modern world and the methods for its critical study. In his original and pathbreaking works, Mosse demonstrated that fascism and Nazism, rather than being movements and states that rested only on force and terror, had been able to mobilize large numbers of people with appeals to the broadly resonant rhetoric, symbols, myths, stereotypes, mass rituals, and aesthetic images of "volkish" ideology, and of elite and popular anti-Semitism. Mosse was also a pioneer in the political history of sexuality: in *Nationalism and Sexuality* (1985) he explored ideas about health and degeneracy, and normalcy and abnormality in European society, and in *The Image of Man* (1996) he juxtaposed models of middle-class male respectability and self-control with culturally evoked counter-types of weak, nervous, and effeminate men who threatened to undermine the ideal of manhood. In 1966, with Walter Laqueur, he cofounded and coedited the *Journal of Contemporary History*. George Mosse was a scholar who sparkled, a rationalist who never flinched at unreason, an enchanting advocate of disenchantment, a good man. •

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It's as simple as

1. "On the medical evidence available, moderate indulgence in cannabis has little ill effect on health" *The Lancet*[1]

2. Less than one percent of marijuana users become regular users of cocaine or heroin. Dept. of HHS[2]

3. Last year, 600,000± people were arrested for mere possession of marijuana. FBI[3]

So . . . how can we justify the war on marijuana?

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A complete discussion of the effects of marijuana is available from Marijuana Myths /Marijuana Facts: A review of the scientific evidence by Lynn Zimmer, Ph.D., and John Morgan, MD, available form Bookworld Services 1-800-444-2524.

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[1] Source: Editorial, "Dangerous Habits," *The Lancet*, Vol. 352, No. 9140, November 14, 1998. *The Lancet* is one of the world's leading medical journals. They reached this conclusion after publishing a symposium on marijuana.
[2] Source: Department of HHS, *National Household Survey on Drug Abuse*, 1997.
[3] Source: FBI, *Uniform Crime Reports*, 1998.

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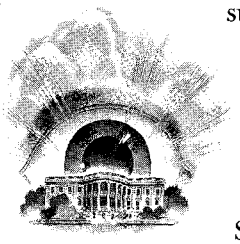
YAWNSPOTTING

By Dana Milbank

If any moment symbolized the end of Bimbroglio, it was the celebration in the White House after the president's triumphant State of the Union address. Two vanloads of Clinton staffers, driven to the Capitol to cheer for their man, had returned to party in the State Dining Room. There, Jesse Jackson was holding forth before Charlie Rangel and Sammy Sosa—immediately beneath the portrait of Ronald Reagan. Nearby, Whoopi Goldberg mixed with jubilant White House aides, as Rosa Parks sat on a couch in the Red Room, eating dessert. Was that a tear coming from the Gipper's eye in the oil painting? "It's too late in the day to feel like the Bolsheviks overrunning the Hermitage, but it has a little bit of that feel to it," says one Clinton adviser. "There was an inchoate feeling of 'let them try and impeach this guy.'"



The impeachment trial is over, in every sense but the actual one. Clinton won, by the way. But don't take my word for it. Ask Larry Klayman, conservative agitator extraordinaire. "Now the House managers thrash around, desperately interviewing Monica Lewinsky, to try to avoid what has been preordained—a Senate 'show trial' designed to allow members of both parties to bow out gracefully," Klayman's Monday press release said. "Even if a witness or two is called, it is now clear that the impeachment trial will end in failure."

It's odd enough that Klayman's position would merge with TNR's, but it's not the strangest thing to happen this past week. Five days before Klayman's pronouncement, a similar surrender was declared by none other than Pat Robertson, the Christian Coalition founder. "They might as well dismiss this impeachment hearing and get on with something else, because it's over as far as I'm concerned," the televangelist said. Robertson's remarks immediately drew criticism from one of the House impeachment managers, raising an interesting possibility: Does Pat Robertson now represent the moderate wing of the Republican Party?

Clinton, as usual, doesn't deserve much credit for his escape, nor do Dale Bumpers and the president's long-maligned lawyers, though they turned in an impressive performance. The credit should go, once again, to Clinton's enemies, who, in their zeal to get the president, self-destructed.

Exhibit A is Lindsey Graham, one of the impeachment managers. "I'm a child of the South," Graham told the Senate. How true. But which South? Graham meant this disclosure to link his anti-Clinton side in the trial to the righteous cause of the civil rights crusaders. But Graham and his fellow managers aren't exactly on a Freedom March. I pondered this as I gazed down from the press gallery at the House managers' all-white faces (or all-white bald spots). As I listened to a series of angry rants from these Southern white guys—Barr of Georgia, McCollum of Florida, Canady of Florida, Hutchinson of Arkansas, Bryant of Tennessee, Graham of South Carolina—the New Yorker in me was moved to ponder a profound constitutional question: How did these yahoos get in here?

No, of course I wasn't thinking such thoughts. Still, Graham's claim to represent the New South did invite a certain contrast between the prosecution and the defense. I looked across the well at the president's defense table and saw (other than a bunch of polished Washington lawyers) a quite different picture of America. Here was a young black woman from Richmond and a wheelchair-bound man who caught a paralyzing virus while teaching in Africa in the 1960s. There, too, were Greg Craig and David Kendall, who as young men went down to Mississippi in the summer of '64 to fight for civil rights—against the forerunners of the sort of white supremacist group to which Bob Barr spoke last year. Graham et al. have yet to condemn their colleague for addressing that racist organization, but they've gone to the ends of the earth to oust Clinton, a president beloved by African Americans, and to sully Vernon Jordan, a civil rights champion. Children of the South, indeed.

Even during the State of the Union, Clinton's performance wouldn't have been as convincing without his enemies, namely the now-famous sourpusses Tom DeLay and Dick Armey, serving as a foil. Both of these gentlemen fell into what Clinton pollster Mark Penn calls the "applause trap." Standing in the press gallery that night, I recorded their every antic for the hour, as they struggled to look nonchalant in their non-applause for Clinton's platitudes. Here's how DeLay, petulant adolescent, occupied himself while the others applauded:

Hillary enters the chamber to raucous applause. *DeLay drums his desk, his mouth twitching.* "We must save Social Security for the twenty-first century!" Clinton pronounces. *DeLay chews gum and grips his hands together.* "We will save Social Security now!" *Licks his lips.* "Universal savings accounts!" *Shakes his head.* "Stop supporting what does not work!" *Scratches his nose.* "Equal pay for equal work!" *Rubs his cheek.* "Bring prosperity back to the family farm!" *Fixes his suit jacket.* "Put a human face on the global economy!" *Whispers to Armey.* "Ban abusive child labor!" *Touches his nose again.* "End nuclear testing forever!" *Shakes head side to side and smiles.* "Reverse the decline in defense spending!" *Another cheek touch.* "Know the blessings of liberty!" *Twiddles his thumbs.*

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"And they wonder why America doesn't like them," a journalist remarked as we left the Capitol.

Clinton, for his part, found the State of the Union a perfect antidote to the scandal proceedings. Aides say he kept on top of even the smallest details in the speech. While rehearsing with staff, he read the line, "The federal government spends in excess of fifteen billion dollars on education," but then stopped, took off his reading glasses, and glared at his underlings. The previous day, the speech had said $20 billion, and he wanted to know what happened to the remaining $5 billion. "Which is it?" he demanded.

Unlike Clinton, White House spinners can't pretend to ignore the scandal, but even they have become unusually restrained. Greg Craig has been put in front of the cameras briefly each evening, but the White House has slowed the spin. "It's hard for us," one political adviser acknowledged, but necessary. "If you press too hard, spin too much, it'll turn against you."

Hyde's men are figuring that out now. They decided to emulate the Clintonian rapid-response system for the trial, with poor results. On the first day of the Clinton defense, they handed out a paper titled "Managers' Response #001," the double zero promising a lengthy trial. Two days later, they were already up to "#026." House managers also hurt their cause by interfering in Senate deliberations, collaborating with Ken Starr to force Lewinsky to talk. At the same time, managers unwisely dueled with senators outside the chamber for airtime. James Rogan competed with Senator Tom Harkin, James Sensenbrenner vied with Senator John Breaux, and Lindsey Graham rivaled Senator John Kerry. This, no doubt, is what Senator Robert Byrd meant when he decried the "hallway press conferences and battle of press releases" in his call for dismissal.

The trial, which started as a photo-op (the managers scheduled one just after the opening ceremony), has never advanced beyond the mundane and the ludicrous. Hyde drifted into overblown rhetoric, justifying Clinton's impeachment with the Ten Commandments, the Magna Carta, Bunker Hill, Gettysburg, Normandy, Saigon, and Desert Storm. Rogan, in a break in the trial, accused Kendall of lying, saying, "It's a good thing lawyers don't have to take an oath." Kendall was equally preposterous, arguing to the Senate that Monica's job search "succeeded or failed on her own merits." After brief relief in the form of Bumpers's folksy speech, the childish antics continued with an endless stream of softball questions tossed by senators. After a while, they all sounded like this:

> GOP senator: "Given that the president is a draft-dodging scumbag and Satan's agent on earth, wouldn't you say his blatant witness tampering mandates that the sergeant-at-arms execute him by lethal injection at noon?"
>
> Manager: "The senator raises an excellent point, and I couldn't have phrased it better myself."

After many hours of this, I looked down at Chief Justice Rehnquist, who sat, head in hand, looking as if he were wishing for a gun. Even comedian Al Franken, in the gallery for a bit, looked as if he'd have trouble finding mirth. Finally, when I could stand it no more, I left the gallery, put on my coat, and picked up my briefcase—and only then did I hear those magic words. "Motion to dismiss!" It was a woman from Byrd's office, handing out his press release bombshell. The Democrats were united. The trial was over.

Of course, this all depends on the definition of the word "over." At this writing, Senate Republicans have voted to start depositions, and the White House may respond by demanding discovery into all the documents of the managers and Starr. Such a process could go on forever. So, while the trial grinds toward its inevitable conclusion, all those of us in the gallery can do is watch and wait. And watch. And wait. During the dull hours in the chamber, I have found time to contemplate many important matters facing our nation. Among them: Why does Kendall's bottom lip protrude over his top lip? Why is Fritz Hollings wearing dark sunglasses? Does Max Cleland often wear a Tweety Bird tie? Is that a white glove on Byrd's hand or a bandage? Doesn't Hyde look like the Penguin from "Batman"? Why is Harkin smiling so much? To pass the time, I've kept in my notebook an informal roll call of the participants' states of alertness:

> John Kerry: face in hands, rubbing eyes.
> Barbara Boxer: twiddling pen.
> Fred Thompson: rubbing his ear.
> Max Cleland: sucking/chewing something—a cough drop?—he takes it out, big yawn, puts it back in.
> Strom Thurmond: eyes seem to close.
> Bob Graham: sneaks a snack out of his drawer—cracker—and eats it.
> Jeff Bingaman: nice yawn.
> Jim Jeffords: sits down, has himself a yawn.
> Patty Murray: checks her watch.
> Frank Lautenberg: blows nose loudly.
> Orrin Hatch: yawn.
> John Chafee: big yawn.

My sentiments exactly. •

The House whip pulls a Clinton under oath.

DELAYED JUSTICE

By Ann Louise Bardach

For more than a year, Republicans have lectured the country that the core issue of their crusade to remove the president is not sex, but lying under oath. And few have made this argument more vocally than the mastermind of Clinton's impeachment in the House, Majority Whip Tom DeLay. While legal experts note that such cases are rarely prosecuted, DeLay has never accepted that excuse. A born-again Christian who says he cherishes the Bible and the Constitution,

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DeLay has cast his campaign against the president as a battle of "relativism versus absolute values" and has excoriated the president for "trying to use legalese and lawyerese to do two-steps around the questions." When there have been plausible explanations for Clinton's misstatements, DeLay has dismissed them.

DeLay's absolutism may or may not be right for America; until recently it was not the standard that prevailed in most courtrooms. But it does raise an intriguing question: If DeLay's standards for truth were really in force, would his own testimony in a 1994 Texas lawsuit pass muster? Three people directly involved in the case say the answer is "no." And the evidence suggests they may be right.

It all began in 1986, when DeLay and an associate named Darrell Hutto approached Robert Blankenship, owner of a pest control company, to merge their firms. In the restructured company, Albo Pest Control, DeLay became the chairman, Hutto the president, and Blankenship the vice president. But, as Blankenship would later testify, over the years he would become convinced that DeLay and Hutto were not living up to their business commitments.

For one thing, Blankenship was irritated to learn that Albo was paying off a past judgment of $32,000 against DeLay won by a previous business associate. What's more, Blankenship says, he believed that DeLay was using money from their business to pay off his campaign loans—which, if true, would violate federal election laws. "When I first saw the [profit and loss] statement," Blankenship would later testify, "I looked at the money owed to these different banks ... and I said, 'Darrell, what is all this money owed for, what is this?' And he said, 'This is money, quote, that Tom DeLay borrowed to run his campaign, and now we're stuck paying it back.'" (Contacted in Houston this week, Hutto declined to comment on this matter, saying, "I think the record speaks for itself.")

Finally, Blankenship says that DeLay and Hutto routinely excluded him from important company decisions and meetings. In late 1993, he got wind of the fact that DeLay and Hutto were trying to sell the business. Blankenship says that, when he confronted his partners, they agreed to allow him to find a buyer, which would allow him to remain a partner in the business. By then, Blankenship says, he was so certain that Albo was carrying DeLay's campaign loans that he told one interested buyer of his concern. The buyer, in turn, wanted a clause in the contract to indemnify him in case Albo had made "any illegal political campaign contributions with corporate funds."

Soon after those negotiations broke off, Blankenship arrived at work to find the locks changed. A note taped to the door informed him that he had been fired. Blankenship promptly filed a lawsuit, which was initially reported by Michael Berryhill in the *Houston Press*, charging DeLay and Hutto with breach of fiduciary duty, fraud, wrongful termination, loss of corporate expectancy, and injunctive relief. "They were trying to sell the business out from under me," says Blankenship. DeLay and Hutto responded by filing a countersuit, alleging that Blankenship improperly took home a customer list and shared it with a potential Albo buyer.

On February 5, 1994, Blankenship's lawyer, Gerald DeNisco—who, like Blankenship and his wife, was a lifelong Republican—began his deposition of DeLay in the usual way: "Would you state your name for the record, please? . . . Mr. DeLay, where do you reside? . . . And is that a home, sir?" Then he moved on to the subject of DeLay's relationship with the company. While it was routine questioning, having DeLay confirm his designation as Albo's chairman was important to the case since it tied DeLay to the company's business. But DeLay surprised everyone with his answer.

Question: And are you presently still an officer or director of [Albo]?
DeLay: I don't think so. No.
Q: All right. You're still an officer, are you not?
DeLay: I don't think I am.
Q: Okay. Did you resign as an officer?
DeLay: Not written. It was sort of an agreement.
Q: Okay. So you had an agreement with whom to resign verbally as an officer?
DeLay: With Darrell Hutto, president of the company.
Q: And when was that?
DeLay: I don't know. Two, three years ago. It wasn't anything formal. I haven't had much to do with the company since I got elected to Congress.
[...]
Q: Suffice [it] to say, sir, it's your testimony today that you from about two, three years ago had a verbal agreement with Mr. Hutto to resign as an officer or director of Albo Pest Control. Is that correct?
DeLay: As far as I remember, yes.
Q: All right, sir. And that was never reduced to writing that you know of?
DeLay: That I know of, no.

Blankenship says he and his wife, Jacqueline, who was also present, were "stunned and speechless." So was DeNisco, who says he immediately suspected that DeLay was "seeking to distance himself from the responsibilities of his position and liability in the lawsuit." DeNisco may be right. According to Tom Read, dean of the South Texas College of Law, whom I asked to speculate on the testimony without telling him the names of the parties, "It appears to be an attempt to shield himself from liability for corporate acts."

Through further questioning, DeNisco did get DeLay to acknowledge that he had never told Robert Blankenship about his resignation—and that there was no company meeting or vote to ratify the change. In fact, DeLay even began to backtrack, saying he couldn't "remember" when he had resigned and adding that "I'm not even sure I am resigned. . . . I have nothing to do with the company. And in the day-to-day operation of the company." (He also punctuated his statements with frequent variations on "I cannot recall" or "I don't remember.") Yet DeLay also conceded that he had remained involved with Albo in myriad ways. DeLay testified that he had been immedi-

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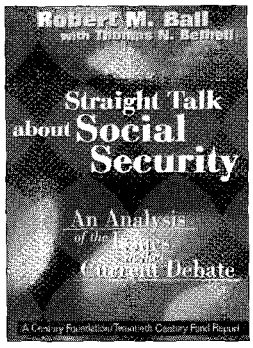
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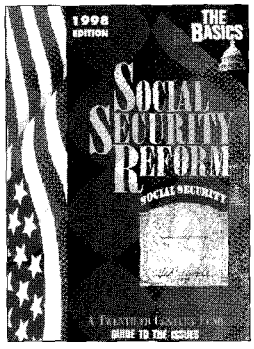

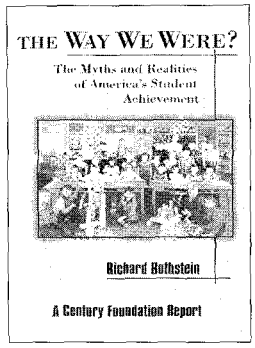
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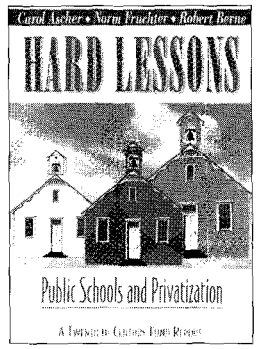

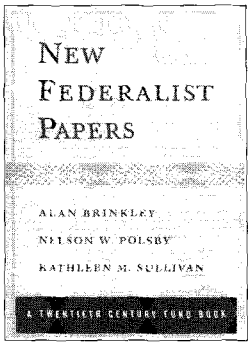

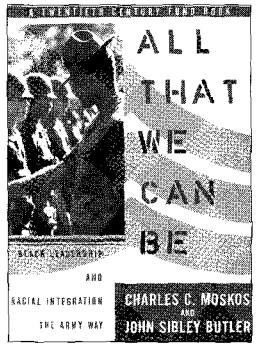

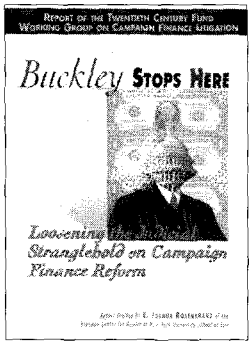
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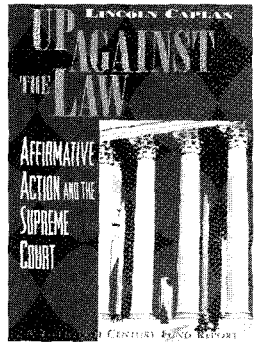

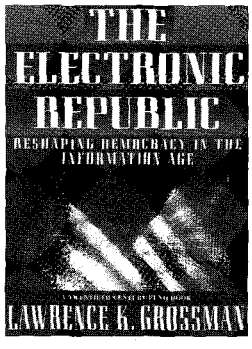

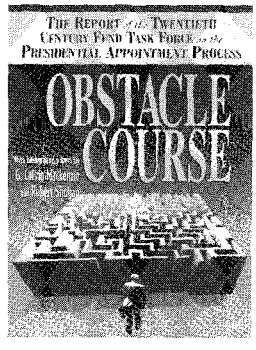

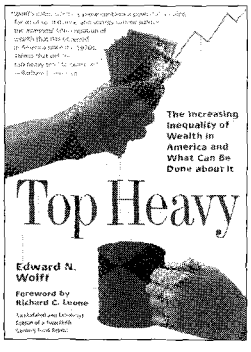
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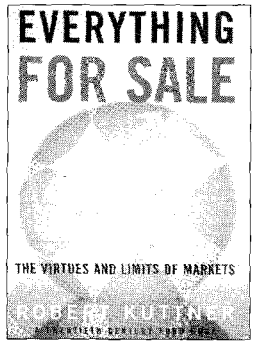

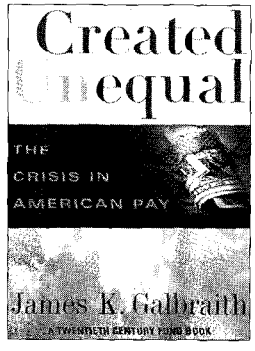

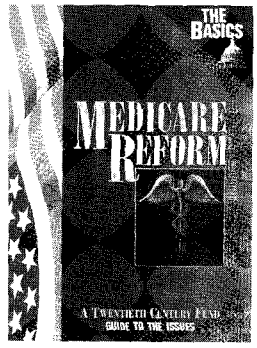

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ately informed by Hutto of Blankenship's termination, had kept up with the monthly reports of the company's books, had signed a bank loan to consolidate the company's debt, had made calls to solicit customers, and had received "consultation fees"—and these activities took place during the period when he was allegedly no longer serving as chairman, or at least having "nothing to do" with the company.

Furthermore, while Hutto's testimony backed up some of DeLay's responses, he said "I don't know" when asked whether DeLay was chairman. And, when I recently asked him to recall or confirm the purported resignation conversation with DeLay, Hutto amiably declined, adding, "I don't want to use up my fifteen minutes of fame on this thing."

Finally, there was one other crucial piece of evidence of DeLay's continued status as chairman—only Blankenship and his lawyer didn't know about it. House members must file financial disclosure forms. In the filings for 1991, 1992, and 1993—the very years between DeLay's purported resignation and the deposition—DeLay listed himself as Albo's "Chairman of the Board." The House documents carry warnings: "Any individual who knowingly and willfully falsifies ... this report may be subject to civil penalties and criminal sanctions"—up to a $10,000 fine per count and/or up to five years in prison. (In 1984, Congressman George Hansen was sentenced to five to 15 months in prison and paid a $40,000 fine for failing to disclose relevant information.) Just below the warning on each form lies Tom DeLay's signature. The form for 1993 is dated May 10, 1994—a mere three months *after* the deposition.

DeNisco now says that had he known about DeLay's answers on his financial disclosure form he would have "asked the court to consider referring the matter to the district attorney for perjury charges." But, even without that information, according to DeNisco, the judge eventually made it clear to DeLay's brother Randy, who served as his lawyer, that "if the case went forward it was not going to have a very happy ending for them." Tom DeLay ended up settling, paying Blankenship a sum both parties agreed to keep confidential.

The settlement did not end Blankenship's saga. Soon afterward, DeLay reportedly pressured Milton Wright, a candidate for sheriff of Fort Bend County, to dismiss Jacqueline Blankenship, who was a well-known local Republican activist and Wright's campaign manager. When Wright refused, DeLay (ultimately unsuccessfully) campaigned against him and gave $70,000 in contributions from his reelection committee to Wright's opponent. DeLay has denied that his involvement in the race had anything to do with Jacqueline.

But the settlement did avert a trial that might have ended in bad publicity for DeLay and—if Blankenship was right about the campaign loans—more serious problems. Reached this week, DeLay's spokesman, Mike Scanlon, would not comment on any aspect of the lawsuit. "We are not going to participate," he said. "We are not going to confirm or deny anything. It's pretty clear what's going on here, and we will not be a party."

Of course, in the legal environment that prevailed before the right's crusade against Bill Clinton, it would have been easy to give DeLay the benefit of the doubt on these matters. For example, it is possible that, in his carefully worded statements about whether he was Albo's chairman, DeLay meant to suggest that he was no longer serving as the company's chairman in practice—even though, technically and legally, he was still holding that position.

But it is precisely such Clintonian arguments that DeLay has categorically rejected in recent months. Don't forget: DeLay voted to remove President Clinton from office because of his alleged perjury in the Paula Jones lawsuit—an apparent falsehood also told under murky circumstances to hide what was arguably less harmful conduct. That particular impeachment article failed, but DeLay insists it shouldn't have. So, if he's not willing to listen to lawyerly explanations about why an apparent untruth under oath isn't a lie, why should anybody else?

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Saving Social Security with a pencil.

SLICK

By Matthew Miller

Test your understanding of President Clinton's new plan to "save" Social Security. Before Clinton stunned Washington with the details in his State of the Union address, annual Social Security benefits were expected to exceed the payroll taxes used to fund them by 2013. Now, with Clinton's bold call to use hefty budget surpluses to extend the life of the trust fund by two decades, Social Security benefits are expected to exceed payroll taxes in the year ... 2013. If this same date of crisis after a big "fix" leaves you surprised, you're not alone. As a lot of policy wonks are realizing, the real news in Clinton's plan wasn't his call to put part of the trust fund in the stock market. It was an accounting ploy that double-counts coming budget surpluses to create the illusion of shrinking the system's funding gap while leaving the program essentially untouched. Call it the Surplus Shuffle.

How does Clinton's alchemy work? Imagine a year in which the overall or "unified" budget surplus is $150 billion. One hundred billion dollars comes from the Social Security surplus, meaning the excess of earmarked payroll taxes over benefits paid; $50 billion

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comes from the rest of the budget.

Ordinarily, the value of Social Security's trust fund that year would rise by $100 billion. Under Clinton's new plan, it rises by $190 billion. Why? Social Security gets credited an extra $90 billion because Clinton says he'll give roughly 60 percent of the unified surplus to the trust fund *on top of* the regular Social Security surplus the trust fund is slated to get (60 percent of 150 equals 90, plus the normal 100 brings you to 190). If your brain immediately screams, "But wait—if the Social Security surplus is already slated to make up about 60 percent of the unified surplus in the next 15 years (which it is), adding *another* 60 percent means you've spent 120 percent of the surplus," you've got it. Clinton overspends the surplus (and thus magically inflates the value of the trust fund) by requiring a phantom bookkeeping transfer each year from the rest of the budget to the trust fund. "I would say it's Darmanesque," says Senate Republican budget aide Bill Hoagland, referring to former Reagan budget director Richard Darman. "But Darman wouldn't even try this one."

On paper, the cumulative effect is stunning. Social Security surpluses over the next 15 years are currently forecast to boost the value of the trust fund by $2.7 trillion. Clinton's accounting scam roughly doubles that, to $5.5 trillion. As a result, half of Social Security's official shortfall over the next 75 years is eliminated. The trust fund's "life" is extended from 2032 to 2049. (By contrast, Clinton's relatively modest stock investments add just six years more.) Best of all, this happens at the stroke of a pen, without those nasty benefit cuts or tax increases less creative analysts foolishly assumed were needed to close the gap. The best proof of White House sheepishness about such legerdemain is the fact that the administration shrank from the scheme's logical extension: it would have been a simple matter, after all, to use the same accounting trick to boost the trust fund a few extra trillion and announce that Clinton had put the Social Security problem behind us altogether.

Why cook the books? Clinton says to boost the economy. And, to its credit, the White House plan would indeed use nearly all of the coming surpluses to pay down the national debt, thereby increasing the savings available for private investment and raising long-run growth. But Clintonites argue that simultaneously crediting the Social Security and Medicare trust funds (Medicare also gets 15 percent of the surplus) is the only way, politically, to make sure the surpluses are saved this way, rather than being consumed entirely by big GOP tax cuts, as Newt Gingrich proposed last year.

That's a good goal, but a false choice. Republicans have become so wary of sticking their heads in the Social Security noose that they've since abandoned Newt's scheme. (Last week, House Ways and Means Chairman Bill Archer agreed to save 60 percent of the surplus for Social Security—although that still leaves him plenty of money for tax cuts.) Clinton could have called for using the surpluses to pay down debt without the phony hike in the trust funds.

No, the real lure for Clinton was tactical. Clinton's plan not only blocks the GOP's drive for big tax cuts by allocating the surplus to Social Security, Medicare, and other rhetorical untouchables, like defense and schools. It also, thanks to the accounting trick, lets him claim major progress on Social Security's woes even as he tells liberal groups that today's benefit levels are basically fine. He remains "credible" by acknowledging that half the solvency gap must still be dealt with—and on a bipartisan basis, of course. At the same time, even critics of his shell game have to acknowledge that Clinton is calling, quite conservatively, for an extraordinary reduction in the national debt (to less than ten percent of GDP by 2014, from roughly 50 percent today). They don't call it political economy for nothing.

Yet, apart from its sneakiness, the Surplus Shuffle hurts sound policy in important ways. By goosing the value of the trust funds without changing Social Security's basic structure, Clinton has made it hard for reformers to ask sensible questions about the overall level of benefits. When the president says we can extend the trust fund for 20 years without any heavy lifting, fair but controversial hikes in the retirement age or benefit trims for richer retirees are a much tougher sell. As a result, says Eugene Steuerle of the Urban Institute, Clinton would leave us on track to have 80 to 90 percent of federal spending going to health and retirement programs after the boomers retire, up from about half today. Unfortunately, there's no Head Start trust fund and no trust fund to ease the plight of the working poor or to lower class size in inner-city schools. "For those who hoped the surplus would be able to fund costly liberal ideas, the Clinton plan largely forecloses this," says Robert Greenstein of the Center for Budget and Policy Priorities (who's nevertheless sympathetic to the Clinton plan because he believes it promotes good economics and is good for Social Security).

In fact, by locking in debt obligations to the trust fund reflecting today's level of benefits, Clinton would for the first time commit future taxpayers to make huge transfers from general revenues to honor them without revision. Republican Senator Judd Gregg of New Hampshire estimates these transfers could top $1 trillion a year by 2045. Yes, in one sense this bailout is progressive, since the rest of the budget is financed by income taxes, not the regressive payroll tax. And yes, by saving the lion's share of today's surpluses, Clinton would make the economic pie bigger for our kids than it otherwise would be. But we can achieve this growth and leave room for other public needs without locking tomorrow's voters into every generous pledge the boomers have made to themselves. In other words, now that the Surplus Shuffle has served its purpose—enabling a shrewd opening step in the dance of divided government—it's time for Congress to ignore it and see if there's a better deal to be made based on Clinton's sound rhetoric, not his funny numbers.

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The identity crisis of Catholic colleges.

CROSSROADS

By Charlotte Allen

Georgetown University's history is intertwined with the history of American Catholicism. It was founded in 1789 by America's first Catholic bishop, John Carroll, and staffed by the Jesuit religious order—the Society of Jesus—whose dauntingly educated priests included many of the first Catholic missionaries to the New World. Yet, outside of a handful of historic university buildings on the main campus, most of the classrooms, libraries, and dormitories are devoid of religious symbols. And, although a couple of the older buildings had retained crucifixes on their classroom walls, they were removed over the years during renovations and, perhaps inadvertently, never rehung. The newer rooms never got them in the first place.

About two years ago, an undergraduate named Jon Soucy decided he wanted to bring the symbols back. "I came here because I wanted to go to a Catholic school, and Georgetown is a great Catholic college," said Soucy, who attended a Catholic high school near his hometown of Belleville, Illinois. "I think it would be perfectly normal for a Catholic institution to have crucifixes on the walls," he said. "We wanted to have an image of our Lord on the cross, the most important thing that ever happened in history if you're a Catholic." He and about a dozen other students formed the Georgetown University Committee for Crucifixes in the Classrooms and petitioned the administration for the change, setting off a controversy few in the Georgetown community expected.

But the controversy should not have been a surprise, because, for the past few years, Catholic universities across the country have been in the throes of an identity crisis. Ever since the close of the Second Vatican Council in 1965, and its mandate that the Catholic Church open itself to the world, Catholic universities have pursued secularization policies as a way of coming to terms with the world—and putting themselves on a par with the nation's best research universities. Yet, a few years ago, an increasingly vocal minority of students and alumni began talking about restoring "Catholic identity" on these campuses. Georgetown addressed these concerns in 1995 by convening a 41-member seminar composed mostly of faculty members. Not surprisingly, the whole notion of Catholic identity proved difficult to define, and the report's have-it-both-ways title, "Centered Pluralism," suggested a certain ambivalence about exactly how Catholic ("-centered") Georgetown ought to remain amid the "pluralism" it has consciously courted in its quest for academic excellence.

Indeed, it has not been easy for any school to figure out how to become "more Catholic" without resurrecting an authoritarian, pre-Vatican II image that might alienate top-flight professors—many of whom are convinced that Catholicism and academic freedom are incompatible. The Georgetown seminar's report, issued in 1996, insisted that the school "has more to contribute than merely to become one more thoroughly secularized university." And that may be so. But, as the crucifix episode would show, nobody seemed quite sure of what that contribution should be.

Georgetown has been open to students of all faiths since its founding, but, as recently as 30 years ago, 82 percent of entering freshmen defined themselves as Catholic. In 1997, just under 58 percent of Georgetown's new freshmen called themselves Catholic. Close to 23 percent identified themselves as Protestant, just over five percent were Jewish, and nearly 22 percent professed other faiths or no religion at all. For the likely majority of those students—not to mention the majority of Washington residents—Georgetown is simply the District of Columbia's version of the Ivy League. "The students are coming here to learn about government and politics and to do interesting internships," said Joseph Ferrara, an adjunct professor of government at Georgetown. "They aren't coming to Georgetown merely to get a Catholic education."

Like most American Catholic universities, Georgetown has no formal ties to the Catholic Church. Even its relationship with the Society of Jesus is loose. This was not always the case. Historically, most of the nation's 230 Catholic colleges and universities were wholly owned subsidiaries of religious orders, which controlled the governing boards, selected presidents,

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and even held sway over faculty hiring. But, during the late '60s, a series of court rulings suggested that religiously operated universities might become ineligible for government aid. Most of the schools affiliated with religious orders, Georgetown included, severed their formal links and incorporated themselves as independent entities with lay-dominated, self-perpetuating boards.

This all happened at a time when the ranks of the religious orders themselves were in steep decline: during the 1960s and 1970s, there were mass resignations from Catholic religious orders—and a paucity of new vocations that persists to this day. Back then members of the religious orders handled much of the teaching, even on secular subjects; merely by strolling the grounds they lent their campuses uniquely Catholic auras. Yet, with their numbers reduced and with many academic clerics and nuns adopting lay garbs, this background-noise Catholicism faded. Today, although a substantial Jesuit community still resides on the Georgetown campus, only 35 of the priests hold faculty or administrative appointments.

Also gone is a distinctively Catholic curriculum. At the beginning of this century, Catholic universities distinguished themselves from their secular cousins by focusing on undergraduate education to the near exclusion of research as well as offering highly structured, European-style liberal arts programs that included a thorough grounding in classical languages and theology. Although the curricula at Catholic colleges gradually became less rigid as the twentieth century progressed, liberal arts and Greek and Latin remained at their core. But that approach eventually fell out of favor, and the glut of G.I. Bill beneficiaries at war's end—older students who were less interested in liberal arts than in career training—diluted what was left of the old curriculum. Today, only the residual requirement of a few lower-level theology or religion courses distinguishes the curricula at most Catholic schools from those of secular universities.

All of these phenomena go a long way toward explaining why the recovery of "Catholic identity" is a burning topic on Catholic campuses. But they do not explain why the campus crucifixes nearly vanished at Georgetown and some other Jesuit schools, including Boston College, or why several current and former faculty members and administrators at Georgetown clearly did not want to talk about crucifixes when I interviewed them for this story. "The crucifixes are a very small issue," insisted Monika Hellwig, a former Georgetown theology professor who is now executive director of the Association of Catholic Colleges and Universities.

No, the institutional unease stemmed from two other factors. One is a lingering inferiority complex on Catholic campuses, left over from the pre-Vatican II era, when the quality of education at American Catholic universities was perceived as—and in many cases was—inferior. Thus, in the eyes of many, to reverse the trajectory of secularization is to return to the bad old days of being second-rate. "When scholars consider a place like Georgetown or Notre Dame, their first question is: Is this a place where I can do my work free of interference by religious influence?" said R. Bruce Douglass, dean of the faculty at Georgetown and cochair of the committee charged with recommending ways of implementing the "Centered Pluralism" report. "There's a definite tendency to equate quality with secularization."

The other factor is an ongoing battle involving the Vatican, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, and the presidents of many Catholic colleges over how to implement a 1990 papal directive, *Ex Corde Ecclesiae* ("From the Heart of the Church"), which requires bishops to exercise control over the Catholic institutions of higher learning in their dioceses, especially with respect to the theology taught there. "Bishops have a particular responsibility to promote Catholic Universities, and especially to promote and assist in the preservation and strengthening of their Catholic identity," *Ex Corde* stated. The trouble is that many academic theologians are unabashedly liberal, especially on such issues as women's ordination to the priesthood, birth control, and homosexual relations—which puts them at odds with theologically conservative John Paul II, who has censured several renegade theologians over the years. The Jesuit order itself went through an ideological turnabout after Vatican II and now has a reputation as one of the most theologically, socially, and politically liberal Catholic bodies.

Furthermore, the presidents of American Catholic colleges, Jesuit and non-Jesuit alike, are nearly unanimously opposed to efforts to exert official episcopal control over their institutions. The U.S. bishops, for their part, have been reluctant to take on the new chore of involving themselves in course content and faculty appointments at the colleges in their dioceses. When a 1993 draft report from a task force set up by the U.S. bishops' conference to implement *Ex Corde* recommended specific lines of oversight between the local episcopate and the academy, the bishops and the college presidents both demurred. A second, softer draft in 1996 called for merely, as one priest connected to the task force characterized it, a "continuing dialogue" between academic institutions and local bishops. The college presidents liked those vaguer parameters, and so did the U.S. bishops, who approved the second draft. But the Vatican's Congregation for Catholic Education vetoed it in 1997, telling the bishops to come up with more specific rules.

A third draft, rewritten to comply with the 1997 Vatican mandate, was released in November. And, while the bishops have not voted on it, it is certain to prompt the same objections that the first draft did. While this latest version declares that a Catholic university "enjoys institutional autonomy ... so that it may carry out its mission of freely searching for all truth," it also contains an affirmative action hiring clause that would

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require Catholic universities to try to ensure that "a majority of the faculty" consisted of "faithful Catholics" and an even more controversial mandate that those who teach "theological disciplines" at Catholic colleges attest to the local bishop their commitment to "teach in communion with the Church."

The first of these two requirements flies in the face of existing Georgetown policy. "I don't think that Catholic religious identity as a credential for hiring is appropriate," faculty dean Douglass, who is not a Catholic himself, told me last summer. As for the second requirement, it is unlikely to sit well with many Vatican-hostile liberal theologians—or with the American Association of University Professors, which has censured several Catholic colleges for disciplining professors on doctrinal grounds, the most famous case being that of the Reverend Charles Curran, a priest removed from the theology faculty at the Catholic University of America in the late '80s for his stands on birth control, abortion, and homosexuality.

During the early twentieth century, Vatican suppression of "modernist" academic thought seemed to go hand in hand with general institutional mediocrity at U.S. Catholic colleges. U.S. accrediting authorities long looked askance at Catholic institutions, and it was not until 1937 that Phi Beta Kappa admitted its first Catholic member-college. Starting in the 1950s, Catholic academics themselves began to criticize harshly their own institutions for their perceived scholarly shortcomings and pervasive anti-intellectualism. By 1960, there was a growing sense of dissatisfaction with Catholic universities' failures to produce scholars. "The Catholic production of Ph.D.s was about three percent of the total," says Philip Gleason, a retired historian at Notre Dame whose 1995 book, *Contending With Modernity*, is probably the definitive account of Catholic higher education in the twentieth century. "Maybe one in ten Catholic universities even had Ph.D. programs, and many weren't strong."

In 1965, Harvey Cox, now a professor at the Harvard Divinity School, published his highly influential *The Secular City*, which contended that religious institutions had no future in the secularized twentieth century as long as they remained identifiably religious. At the same time, judges were dropping ominous hints that the First Amendment's ban on established churches barred the reception of government funds by religiously affiliated colleges and universities. Many Catholic colleges were by then in serious financial trouble, unable to survive on tuition checks and thin endowments, and they needed the government money. A rush toward secularization ensued. Many universities hastily restructured themselves with lay boards in order to give themselves a secular patina that would mollify both the funding agencies and the critics of Catholicism. The Jesuit-run Fordham University even briefly considered selling off its chapel and removing every single religious icon from its campus.

Today, only at a handful of openly confessional Catholic colleges that eschew secular research aspirations do administrators welcome an opportunity to attest to their fidelity to Church doctrine. The Georgetown faculty's "Centered Pluralism" report, for example, reads in places less like an exploration of Catholic identity than a manifesto for freedom from Catholicism: "Georgetown cannot tolerate any attempt to silence voices arguing for controversial conclusions, including those that may be contrary to those of the Roman Catholic church."

For their part, conservative Catholic scholars maintain that their liberal colleagues are just plain paranoid about ecclesiastical monitoring. "It's bogus—all this dire imagining of church interference with academic freedom—it's like saying the pope is in your bedroom," said Ralph McInerny, a philosophy professor at Notre Dame and author of the popular *Father Dowling* mystery series. Many conservative Catholics hold that bishops should act more decisively in bringing out-of-line university theologians in their diocese to heel. One of the most egregious of the latter, in the eyes of many conservative Catholics, is Daniel Maguire, a theology professor at Marquette University who is on the board of Catholics for a Free Choice, an abortion-rights advocacy group that the bishops have criticized. The bishop of Milwaukee, Rembert Weakland, regarded as one of the nation's most liberal hierarchs, has stated that Maguire's pro-choice activism is at odds with Church teaching but has done nothing to discipline him.

Of course, it is not hard to see why the U.S. bishops are reluctant to begin mediating on-campus heresy charges. American Catholicism is quite polarized these days, with a liberal flank that is still angry about the suppression of modernism and a conservative flank that is still angry about what it perceives as the excesses of secularization that followed Vatican II. Already, bishops who fail to crack down on heterodoxy to the satisfaction of their conservative critics are likely to find themselves denounced in *The Wanderer*, a widely circulated traditionalist weekly newspaper that serves in part as a print chat room for disgruntled lay Catholics.

It was in this context that Soucy's committee began its campaign. In August 1996, one of Soucy's classmates, Elizabeth Fiore, wrote an acerbic article for *The Georgetown Academy*, a conservative campus newspaper, complaining that Georgetown's "timid and meek" refusal to place a crucifix in every classroom apparently sprang from fears that the university might appear "politically incorrect" and "'too' Catholic" to the outside society. *The Wanderer* promptly picked up Fiore's article. She and Soucy put together the crucifix committee, and they spent much of the 1996–1997 academic year writing letters and approaching university administrators.

University officials, possibly sensing that crucifixes were a potential hot-button item, seemed to ignore the campaign and to avoid Fiore and Soucy when they could. "I wrote a letter to President [Leo J.] O'Dono-

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van in the spring of my sophomore year asking why we didn't have crucifixes," Fiore said. "I got back a stock form letter that pointed out the nice statues on campus and the closely knit community, but he never answered my question." (O'Donovan, who was out of town when this article was written, was not available for an interview.) Perhaps O'Donovan and others thought that the crucifix question would go away, drowned in a sea of religious indifference among the vast majority of students. Or perhaps the administrators feared that non-Christians on campus would find crucifixes offensive.

In November 1997, a Soucy-led crucifix committee held open forums and a pro-crucifix rally that attracted about 100 students—and also a number of local reporters. The committee also strategically enlisted a range of non-Catholics and non-Christians in its campaign, for it turned out that few of them really objected to Catholic icons on a Catholic campus. Georgetown's Rabbi Harold H. White, the director of the school's Jewish ministry and an early supporter of crucifixes, told a reporter from the *Hoya*, the student newspaper, that the images were potent symbols of how "we come to God through suffering." The president of the Jewish Students' Association, Marc Nock, similarly voiced no objections. Adjunct theology professor Maysam al Faruqi, a Muslim, was another crucifix supporter. Even the *Hoya* endorsed the campaign, stating in an editorial: "In striving to become a diverse and national university, Georgetown left something behind—what Georgetown meant." The student government passed a resolution supporting classroom crucifixes, and, finally, Georgetown's alumni board—perhaps troubled by a reportedly low 23 percent giving rate among Georgetown graduates—did, too. Before that vote, O'Donovan had appointed the dean of students, James Donahue, and the Reverend Adam Bunnell, the university's chaplain, to canvass students, faculty members, administrators, and staffers of all faiths and make recommendations.

As it turned out, not all Georgetown students supported the crucifix drive—and many did not care. The most conspicuous opposition came from the faculty, possibly because the crucifix campaign had pushed "Centered Pluralism" to the back burner. John Hirsh, an English professor, told me he wrote a protest letter to the *Hoya* complaining that the installation of crucifixes would signify "contempt for the beliefs of others." An associate professor of classics, Alexander Sens, raised the issue of anti-Semitism. "Some men and women of good will . . . may feel troubled by the presence of crucifixes in the classrooms because for them it serves as a reminder of the role that the Catholic (and more generally Christian) characterization of Jews as 'perfidious' Christ-killers played in the ugly history of anti-Semitism in this and previous centuries," he wrote to the *Hoya*. Sens now says he regrets bringing up anti-Semitism. "I was trying to equate the symbolism of the crucifix with the symbolism of the Confederate flag," explained Sens, who defined himself as "nominally Jewish" but insisted (like the other Georgetown professors I talked to) that he was not personally bothered by the prospect of teaching in a classroom where a crucifix hangs. "Now, I wish that I had framed the issue differently, because my letter was mischaracterized as being anti-Catholic," he said. "What this whole thing was really about was competing versions of the Catholic Church. A really conservative group of students was behind the crucifixes, and it was really about a kind of Tridentine, pre-Vatican II version of the Church." Indeed, it turned out that no one at Georgetown—Jew, Muslim, woman, or black—reported experiencing distress at the prospect of teaching, studying, or working in the same room as a crucifix, as the crucifix opponents had supposed. "I didn't find anyone who actually felt oppressed by a religious symbol," Bunnell told me.

The tension among Church authorities, a research-oriented, liberally thinking faculty fearful of ecclesiastical repression, and a growing number of students and alumni eager for a more palpable campus religiosity is likely to increase over time at Georgetown and other institutions that aspire to the high regard of secular academia. This past October, a task force on Catholic identity convened by O'Donovan in November 1997 to implement "Centered Pluralism," but comprising students and staff as well as professors, issued a report that slightly toned down the earlier document's strident language on academic freedom and listed some middle-of-the-road recommendations designed to make Georgetown seem more Catholic while avoiding overt restorationism. These recommendations included recruiting more Jesuits, promoting "Jesuit pedagogy" in case no live Jesuits could be found, setting up a graduate-level theology program and a center for Catholic social thought, and beefing up the service programs and the campus ministry. O'Donovan is expected to act on the recommendations by the end of the school year in May—after which he may have to ponder the implications for his contentious faculty of the third draft implementation of *Ex Corde Ecclesiae*, which, along with everything else, requires Catholic university professors to be of "good character" and to "participate in the religious life and activities of the university."

But there is something else that O'Donovan and other officials at Catholic universities might wish to ponder as they think about enhancing their schools' Catholic identity: the clever way in which Bunnell and Donahue finally finessed Soucy's crucifix campaign, coming up with a resolution that provided something for everyone. Last spring, they reinstalled some of the crucifixes that had been taken off the walls of several older classroom buildings. Then Bunnell set about collecting an array of new crucifixes, some of them drawn from Jesuit mission lands in the Third World and all reflecting a large variety of cultural and artistic styles: traditionally sculpted, Byzantine-style icons, Celtic crosses, and carved, dark-skinned wooden Jesuses from Africa. For conservatives, Bunnell's crucifix collection is vibrantly devotional; for liberals, it is highly aesthetic and international. Only one campus

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classroom building, the Bunn Intercultural Center, which houses Georgetown's School of Foreign Service, will not display crucifixes—instead, it will show religious symbols from different faiths on a rotating basis. Bunnell plans to have the crucifixes displayed in March, then mounted. He also plans a series of symposia on the theology of the cross featuring both Catholic theologians and the Jewish novelist Chaim Potok, who has used crucifixion symbolism in his writing.

In a sense, the crucifix campaign was probably the best thing that has happened to Georgetown in recent years. After more than three decades of modeling themselves on their secular counterparts, many Catholic universities have belatedly discovered that there is some virtue in being different. They seem to stand for something—an ethos, a viable religiosity, a still-powerful aura of tradition—that the secular schools have left behind.

Catholic institutions, including universities, have an obligation (like that of institutions affiliated with any religious body) to present authentic Catholic teaching and to make it clear when a particular set of views are not authentically Catholic. But they also have an obligation to academic freedom. Georgetown's current policy, allowing people to say pretty much what they like, seems a desirable principle, and it is likely that Georgetown's Jesuit administrators will figure out a nuanced reconciliation of that principle with whatever implementation of *Ex Corde Ecclesiae* ultimately becomes operative. What Georgetown can do—and has done in resolving the crucifix controversy—is to foster Catholic identity through bolstering Catholic culture. The crucible of any genuine culture is art and religion, not reports, recommendations, manifestos, or theories. In such a culture, holiness is nourished—and that is the desired end of all religious life. •

How the personal became political.

PRIVATE MATTERS

By Peter Beinart

In weeks or even days, Monica Lewinsky's yearlong stranglehold on American politics will end. A vote will be taken, a deal will or will not be struck, pundits will take one long, last stab at what it meant, and Washington will breathe in the cleansing air of spring.

For a while. But, sooner or later, probably in the run-up to the 2000 campaign, the noxious odor of public sex will return. It will return because American politics is gripped by something larger than the appetites of Monica Lewinsky and her president. The half-century-long consensus that politicians' private lives are irrelevant to their public duties began cracking before Bill Clinton. And it will go on cracking until Washington figures out how to assimilate two massive social movements that have radically expanded and denigrated our understanding of politics: feminism and the Christian right.

The widespread assumption that the media, by itself, politicized private life smacks of technological determinism and journalistic vanity (dressed up as self-flagellation). Yes, the Internet has made it easier to disseminate gossip, but the tabloids have been doing that for decades, and only recently have *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* felt the need to compete. Besides, many of the groundbreaking investigations into politicians' personal lives—Gary Hart, Clarence Thomas, Bob Packwood—preceded mass use of the Web. The press is not simply a function of its technology; it reflects American society and, in particular, America's political class. And, over the past three decades, that class has suffered a cultural invasion.

As recently as the 1960s, women and evangelicals played virtually no role in public policy. Feminism and the Christian right responded to this powerlessness in similar ways—by defining politics as something that occurred not in the halls of government but in the consciousness of individuals and in their conduct at home. Public policy was not a separate moral space with its own rules, but a reflection of the way people lived their lives.

In this way, the two movements politicized their followers and overcame their marginality. Today, both are powerful players in government. But their ideologies of government have not changed. They still assert that public policy is a mere representation of the personal lives of those who make it. And that idea, let loose in Washington, has left American politics in shambles.

"Women's liberation," wrote Robin Morgan in her celebrated anthology *Sisterhood is Powerful*, "is the first radical movement to base its politics—in fact, create its politics—out of concrete personal experiences." In truth, feminists had little choice. In 1970, the year Morgan

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wrote, one woman sat in the U.S. Senate, and ten sat in the House. At the Democratic convention in Chicago two years earlier, women constituted ten percent of the delegates. Not a single feminist organization lobbied in Washington.

A half-century after suffrage, women were still largely absent from American politics; so feminism brought politics to them. The challenge, as laid out by feminist theory, was to convince women that their lives were already political. Thus politics began not with a change of behavior but a change of consciousness. The consciousness-raising session, usually six to twelve women meeting in someone's home, was feminism's particular contribution to the organization of American protest. In the late '60s and early '70s, hundreds if not thousands sprouted across the country.

The sessions rarely dealt with government per se. Instead, they began with questions like: "What does 'femininity' mean to you in terms of your own life? What did you do as a little girl that was different from what little boys did?" The point, as Juliet Mitchell wrote in *Woman's Estate*, was to show women that "what they thought was an individual dilemma [was] a social predicament and hence a political problem."

Feminists often described that moment of political recognition as a kind of conversion. Once consciousness was raised, action could follow. But it was political action in the arena where women lived their lives: foremost the home. As Kate Millett wrote in *Sexual Politics*, "[W]omen tend to be ruled through the family alone and have little or no formal relation to the state." That distance from government had long reinforced women's sense of powerlessness, but feminists answered it by insisting that the home was the primal political sphere; the state was little more than the family writ large. Millett called the family "[p]atriarchy's chief invention ... both a mirror of and a connection with the larger society." In "The Politics of Housework," Pat Mainardi explained that "participatory democracy begins at home."

Feminists worked tirelessly to politicize private life, with the anthropologist Michelle Rosaldo even suggesting that the distinction between the "public" and "domestic" spheres was the defining feature of female subordination. Essays were published on the politics of the vaginal orgasm. Activists defined lesbianism as a political decision. In September 1969, a group called The Feminists distributed anti-marriage leaflets at the New York marriage license bureau. At the Congress to Unite Women in November of that year, ten women from Boston's Female Liberation took the stage and ceremonially cut their hair. As Alice Echols writes in her history of the movement, *Daring to be Bad*, "[T]he personal is political was often interpreted in a way that made questions of lifestyle absolutely central."

It is not that feminists ignored government. The professional women who had access to it—and created organizations like the National Organization for Women (NOW), the Women's Equity Action League, and the National Women's Political Caucus—worked for the Equal Rights Amendment, publicly funded child care, and abortion rights. As the years wore on, more women entered government. Between 1971 and 1991, their number in Congress doubled, and feminists became a powerful interest group in the Democratic Party. But feminists were always reminding those women who inhabited the world of public policy that they were a privileged elite. They must not be co-opted by male models. They must not betray the mass of women who still had the home as their only sphere. Ideologically, feminism's work in government remained an extension, a mirror, of its work in the family.

As feminists had predicted, women's arrival in positions of authority changed the culture of Washington. One clear effect was on the media's treatment of male infidelity. Florence Graves, who broke the Bob Packwood story for *The Washington Post*, had gone looking for a case study of the sexual harassment she believed victimized numerous women on Capitol Hill. Suzannah Lessard, who in 1979 became the first reporter to expose Ted Kennedy's philandering, also had feminist motives. But even women journalists without overt ideological agendas altered the definition of newsworthiness by their mere presence. In Larry Sabato's book *Feeding Frenzy*, Cokie Roberts remembers that "on the [campaign] bus, they pretended there were no marriages. We women all started arriving on the bus and we sort of pruded it up."

The media's tolerance for adultery started to fade as early as the 1970s—the decade that House Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills was discovered with stripper Fanne Foxe, and Louisiana Representative Joe Waggoner was caught soliciting a prostitute. The stream of congressional sex scandals continued through the 1980s. But most of the legislators were little known, and most weathered the allegations.

The dam broke in May 1987, when *The Miami Herald* discovered Gary Hart's voyage on the yacht *Monkey Business* with Donna Rice. Hart's downfall offered the first hint that the ideology of the "personal is political" might cause feminism problems. Hart employed more women in prominent positions in his campaign than any presidential candidate in history. But feminists, conditioned to see politics first as a matter of consciousness, insisted that the motivations that shaped his infidelity would eventually shape his public policy. Columnist Ellen Goodman argued that, in Hart's adultery, "you learn about his capacity for deception ... learn about impulsiveness, self-control, even the ability to compartmentalize ethics." Gloria Steinem said he had "a character problem." Suzannah Lessard declared that "if a man abuses his wife by womanizing, there could be something abusive in his nature."

Feminists could afford to abandon Hart—he was just one candidate in a Democratic pack full of sympathetic contenders. And, if the skewering of a pro-feminist adulterer provoked in women's leaders any cognitive dissonance, it was thoroughly erased four years later, in the ideologically seductive confrontation between Clarence Thomas and Anita Hill.

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The 1991 Thomas-Hill spectacle represented the first front-page national discussion of sexual harassment. The enormous attention devoted to the topic, and the all-male Senate Judiciary Committee's insensitivity to it, handed the feminist movement an extraordinary opportunity. During the hearings, NOW received so many calls that it had to institute a backup telephone switchboard. Months after Thomas had been confirmed, memberships were still pouring in at five times their usual rate. The Thomas-Hill confrontation became the defining feminist event of a generation. And, because the sexual harasser was a conservative, a nominee of the Bush administration, feminism's predisposition to see the public as a mirror of the private was dramatically reinforced. Even before the hearings ended, feminists were working to make them an emblem for their policy agenda. National Women's Political Caucus President Harriet Woods told the Associated Press, "There is tremendous potential for a candidate to use this as the hot button to symbolize all the other double-standard positions with women." *The Nation* editorialized that sexual harassment was only one facet of "Thomas's contempt for women, from his malicious misrepresentation of his sister's brief resort to welfare to his participation in a 1980 Reagan transition team report calling for the gutting of sexual harassment regulations. Hill's charge is simply another reminder of the inextricable relationship of personal and public life."

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Perhaps without the Thomas affair, more feminists would have begun to suspect that the personal-political connection was a time bomb. But, at that moment, it was what gave the movement life—the 1992 elections nearly doubled the number of women in Congress. Even the discovery late that year that Packwood, a champion of abortion rights and the ERA, was a serial harasser, did not give feminists pause. "It is impossible for me to reconcile this personal behavior toward women with this man who has been a leader for women's rights," said Kate Michelman of the National Abortion Rights Action League, never doubting that they should be reconcilable.

Feminism, in short, was not well prepared for Bill Clinton. Had its leaders turned on the president after the revelations about Monica Lewinsky and Kathleen Willey, they might have forced him out. But Clinton was not Hart or Packwood—throwing him overboard, in the face of a radicalized post-1994 congressional GOP, could have had disastrous consequences for the feminist agenda. The feminist leadership's decision to declare Clinton's actions apolitical—to try to call a halt to the cycle they helped begin—has damaged the movement in just the way feminist theory predicted it would. The old feminist nightmare—yuppie women selling out their sisters trapped in the home so they could keep government power—has come to pass. Local NOW chapters have charged the national leadership with betraying its principles and have split off. Maureen Dowd, in a mock letter to Clarence Thomas, wrote: "You were right about the feminists. They never cared about gender politics. They just cared about politics. It's not sexual harassment ... if the women are N.O.C.D. (not our class, darling)."

But the humiliation of 1998, a year in which countless commentators wrote feminism's obituary, actually represents a kind of rebirth. For the first time, prominent feminists are addressing the contradiction at their movement's core. They have begun to speak of family privacy and the difference between harassment and consensual sex. To be sure, they are doing so out of partisan necessity. Few have publicly repudiated the "personal is political" doctrine, and there will always be the temptation to reclaim it in the future if it once again proves useful. But thoughtful feminists have at least started down the difficult road toward a movement that does not degrade politics by turning it into a synonym for life. The same cannot yet be said for feminism's de facto partner in the politicization of private life: the Christian right.

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To understand the Christian right's insistence that the personal is political, you need to go back a century, to the advent of the social gospel. Identified chiefly with the theologian Walter Rauschenbusch, the social gospel formed Christianity's response to the tumult and suffering of turn-of-the-century America. Rauschenbusch argued that Christians must not ignore the hideous consequences of mass immigration, urbanization, and industrialization. It was not enough for the faithful to content themselves with saving souls for the next life; they had to address suffering in the here and now. In so doing, the social gospel turned American Protestantism's emphasis away from faith alone and toward human action—away from the individual sins of the heart and toward the social sins of the world.

The social gospel deeply affected America's major denominations. But, to a core of conservative evangelicals, it seemed to denigrate individual salvation and make human institutions a substitute for the Kingdom of God. In 1910, in a series of pamphlets called "The Fundamentals," the traditionalists laid out their objections. By the 1920s, they had broken away from mainline Protestantism and formed independent churches—many of them called "fundamentalist."

Anchored by the fundamentalists, American evangelicals developed a theological response based upon the doctrine of pre-millennialism. Human beings, they argued, could not bring Christ's return by perfecting the world around them. Instead, the Second Coming would follow a period of horrific earthly decline and conflict. Only the truly saved would be called from earth to meet Christ, thus being spared the terrible final days.

Pre-millennialism's lessons were diametrically opposed to the social gospel's. If human institutions were doomed, social change was useless. What mattered instead was saving as many souls as possible. Pre-millennialism encouraged evangelicals to avoid the world of politics; it was irredeemable and could compromise the purity of their souls. So, from the 1920s to the 1970s, evangelicals, like women, remained largely absent from the institutions of government. Surveys in the 1950s and 1960s showed evangelicals to have the lowest rate of political participation of any white religious group.

That started to change in the 1970s. The liberalization of the culture—partly the product, ironically, of feminism—worried evangelical leaders. Furthermore, their followers were migrating from rural areas to the suburbs, where the new liberalism threatened the raising of their children. By the late '70s, ministers like Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson, who had long condemned political activism, began to reconsider.

But justifying political action in the context of pre-millennialism was perilous. What separated politicized evangelicals from advocates of the social gospel? When he formed the Moral Majority in 1978, Falwell was attacked by apolitical evangelicals like the Reverend Bob Jones, who called him "the most dangerous man in America so far as biblical Christianity is concerned."

Falwell and his supporters were constrained by the pre-millennial notion that Christianity starts not with action, but with belief. So the emerging Christian right of the late '70s, like the feminist movement a decade before, asserted that politics is, first of all, a question of consciousness. In the words of Christian conservative writer Rus Walton: "First, the heart, the mind, and the individual deportment must be restored and reformed. Then—and only then—the home, the church, the school, the community, and the nation." As Billy Graham sermonized: "Marx said, 'All the problems come from without. You remove the social problems, the economic problems from society and you'll solve the problems of society.' Jesus said, 'No, you won't—the problem comes from within.'"

Since Christian right politics flowed from the inside out, it made sense that, after personal conversion, political action would begin in the nearest possible arena: the home. For evangelicals, who had little influence in government, this was pragmatic. It also fit with pre-millennialism's traditional emphasis on the family as the primary unit of Christian separatism, created by God even before He created the Church.

The Christian right turned the family from the ideal refuge from the state into an almost Confucian model for it. In the 1970s, as Christian conservatives were rethinking their rejection of politics, they held "Congresses on the Family" where national delegates drew up resolutions on how to structure the home. Christian right leaders are fond of saying that, if America's families are strong, they can withstand and revive a morally corrupt government, but that, if its families are weak, the government is done for. Gary Bauer's Family Research Council may be the most powerful Christian right organization in Washington. But, until recently, it was a mere subsidiary of James Dobson's Focus on the Family, which spends most of its time dispensing advice on child-rearing.

In an even shorter span than feminism, the Christian right has moved beyond the family and infiltrated deep into the institutions of American government. Today it pursues a policy agenda that is ill-served by the notion that private misdeeds necessarily warrant public attention. This may now be true even in the case of Bill Clinton—as Pat Robertson acknowledged last week when he called the impeachment trial a public relations disaster. But the overwhelming Christian conservative rebuke of Robertson for his remarks, and his swift retreat, showed how enmeshed in that notion the movement has become. Like feminism, the Christian right is the product of an ideology that views government as morally derivative. And together, the two antagonists have spent the past decade in an unacknowledged alliance to legitimize the exposure of politicians' private lives.

When many liberals and secular conservatives were wringing their hands over the media's treatment of Gary Hart, Christian conservatives joined feminists in declaring him unfit for public office. A January 1988

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fund-raising letter from Jerry Nims, Falwell's successor as president of the Moral Majority, declared, "[T]here's absolutely no way that we can accept him as having the moral qualifications to lead this nation." Two years later, Christian right ally Paul Weyrich led the attack on John Tower's nomination to be secretary of defense. While former *Wall Street Journal* reporter Ellen Hume was demanding to know "how could a womanizer be a real role model for women in the military," Pat Robertson was condemning Tower's "overall moral tone"—implicitly linking allegations of adultery and drunkenness to the Texan's support for abortion rights. In 1993, the movements teamed up again, with the Christian Coalition joining NOW in its call for public hearings on Bob Packwood.

Only in the past year have the two movements parted company. For, while Bill Clinton has forced an agonized feminist reappraisal, his effect on the Christian right has been exactly the reverse. He is their Clarence Thomas, and, for them, the theme connecting his heart, his private life, and his public policies is relativism. As Gary Bauer wrote last fall, in a classic expression of the Christian right view that politics starts with consciousness, "it is corruption inside a person that fuels corruption on the outside."

To the Christian right, the Lewinsky scandal is not just about perjury and obstruction of justice. In an October article titled "Yes, the Sex Matters," Steven Schwalm of the Family Research Council argued: "In the case of President Clinton, social policy closely mirrors now-public 'private sexual' behavior. Both are rooted in the ethos of the sexual revolution, where sex is free of obligations or restraints, heedless of consequences, and never a fit matter for moral judgement." In a mirror of the 1991 *Nation* editorial that linked Thomas's antifeminism to his sexual harassment, the Eagle Forum's Phyllis Schlafly warned last April to "beware of men who talk about 'women's rights' and boast that they are feminists. They are usually men who exploit women on a personal level." Marvin Olasky, a Christian right academic and editor, has just published a history of the presidency purporting to show that "leaders who break a large vow to one person find it easy to break relatively small vows to millions."

Fortified by Bill Clinton, Christian conservatives seem determined to politicize personal life well into the next century. Gary Bauer last fall defended the public's right to know about Congressman Dan Burton's illegitimate child. Jerry Falwell backed Bob Livingston's resignation as House speaker, as did the Christian Coalition's Randy Tate. Lou Sheldon of the Traditional Values Coalition has even announced that he will ask all Republican presidential candidates whether they have committed adultery.

Feminism and the Christian right have, in many ways, been good for American democracy. They have empowered formerly marginal groups and can take much of the credit for what little grassroots activism American politics has witnessed over the past couple of decades. At another time, their peculiar notion of politics might not have caused much of a problem. But they walked into a vacuum. The Depression, World War II, and the cold war had defined what mattered in American politics narrowly—as security and economic policy. (It is probably no coincidence that the press stopped covering presidential sex during FDR's administration and began reporting on it again in the late '80s.) The cold war's end, combined with the demise of the WASP establishment that had enforced its preeminence in public policy, led to a collapse of hierarchies in American politics. And that collapse has allowed feminism and the Christian right to redefine it as everything and nothing.

One way out is the return of crisis. A grave threat to the nation's safety or prosperity might well lead America's political class—despite its diminished social cohesion—to once again deem topics like adultery dangerously distracting. Bill Clinton, for one, would probably have welcomed such a crisis since it would have disciplined either him or his tormentors. He has been known to remark that he did not have the chance to become a great president because he did not serve in dangerous times. But crisis is not the best way out. For one thing, a consensus on priorities might not return, or might not return in time; America's leaders might just flail. Second, American government has important business even when the country is not in danger, business that scandal-mania continues to force off the public agenda.

Much better if the two movements could reconceive themselves. There are strains in both, present from their early days, that question the unbridled equation of the personal and the political. Some evangelicals have embraced post-millennial or amillennial theology, which lets them participate in government without expecting that it be a reflection of the soul. Betty Friedan has written that "for women to live their lives as a political scenario" both "violates basic human needs for intimacy, sex, [and] generation" and "vitiates will and energy for real political changes." What Friedan recognizes is that, while there is, in every individual, some link between private behavior and political affiliation, the connections are so complex and mysterious as to be accessible only to the omniscient. To believe that activists and the media can explain them by hiding under a bed is morally naïve. And the human and governmental costs of that naïveté are mounting almost daily.

As feminists have learned over the past year, reversing course is not easy. A real commitment to depersonalize politics probably would cut off some women, and for that matter some evangelicals, from the political process. It would likely split both the Christian right and feminism—with some evangelicals retreating into separatism and some women retreating into domesticity. But the movements that remained could pursue their ideals in a political system free from moral utopianism's crushing burden. They could take pride in having helped answer, for our time, one of the vexing questions of American democracy: how to make government work in a nation not of saints, but of men and women. •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Sight and Insight

No question about it: of all physical afflictions, blindness is the most romantic. Not in reality, obviously, but certainly in films. Amputations can have some glamour, as in *The Big Parade* and *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo* and *The Best Years of Our Lives*, especially if war was the cause. Deafness figures only slightly in romance: George Arliss had a vehicle called *The Man Who Played God*, about a great pianist who loses his hearing, which Arliss made as both a silent and a sound film, and there are a few other instances, like *Johnny Belinda*. But blindness! There have been dozens. Think of *Orphans of the Storm* and *Seventh Heaven* and *The Light That Failed* back in lavender-and-lace days—and what about Chaplin's *City Lights*?—then keep going right up to *Butterflies Are Free* and *Wait Until Dark* and *Scent of a Woman*. All of these and more rely on our immediate pangs of awed compassion. Even when we know the subject is being exploited in a commercial concoction, the blindness itself moves us with hushed admiration.

Here it is again in **At First Sight** (MGM), with a screenplay by Steve Levitt that derives from a factual Oliver Sacks piece. The story has the same overall shape as a previous film based on a Sacks work; as in *Awakenings*, a man suffers from an affliction, is seemingly cured of it, then it recurs. In this film Virgil, a young man who became blind when a child, manages to live his life fairly fully as a masseur at a health resort, looked after at home by a married sister who lives nearby. To the resort comes Amy, a young New York architect who meets Virgil on his massage table. An affair ensues—her regard for his cheery courage helps to launch it—and, with her guidance, he undergoes an eye operation that restores his sight.

This is not the ending, however. He discovers, as does most of the audience, that sight for previously sightless people presents problems, which need visual therapy. Virgil is making some progress with the therapy when his sight begins to fail again. Closing titles tell us that the real couple on whom this screenplay was based are alive and well.

Certainly we're all glad to hear it; but that doesn't improve their story—at least, the way it's treated here. Most of the dialogue sounds like "dummy" writing, to be replaced later by sharper lines, and the movement of the story, for all its vaunted factuality, seems carpentered fiction. But two points are interesting. The first is that, once again, if blindness is involved, something ancient in us responds, even when we know we're being emotionally exploited. The second is the use and effect of the two leading players.

In a sense *At First Sight* is very much like an old-time Hollywood picture, as if it were part of a studio's double program—to build a new star and to refresh a familiar face. Amy is played by Mira Sorvino, who first drew attention with a supporting role in *Mighty Aphrodite* less than four years ago and who has been expressed to stardom, in some dubious pictures. The success of a film like *At First Sight* depends largely on our pleasure at being in the company of its stars. Sorvino doesn't yet quite fulfill her obligations. She is attractive without being (as stars ideally should be) overwhelming, and she is a roller-blade actress. She skims along, perfectly in balance so long as she keeps moving, but when she has to stop and really explore a moment, she is less secure.

Val Kilmer, who plays Virgil, is a quite different subject. He is a distinctive actor, with insight and resource. His Jim Morrison in *The Doors* (1991) is one—one more—of the inadequately recognized achievements in recent American film. Unlike Sorvino, his performance encompasses firmly all that his role gives him. But he hasn't developed much persona. Or charisma. Or star quality. Compare him with, for instance, Harrison Ford, who can't seriously be called an actor at all but who is very pleasant to be around. Kilmer demonstrates once again that the motion-picture camera is, aesthetically speaking, both blessing and curse. It can make lesser talents engaging, and it can be unfair to larger ones.

So, even though *At First Sight* is somewhat successful as Movieland product, more than as medical drama, it's not successful enough. The stars don't envelop us sufficiently in romance. It's only a so-so attempt to turn the studio clock back.

Utterly different is **Dry Cleaning** (Strand), from France. The writer-director, Anne Fontaine, is not out to exploit conventions but to fracture them, to show that patterns are compromises. Comparison with *At First Sight* is probably unfair to both, but the juxtaposition at least emphasizes a difference—between a picture that wants to snuggle with us and a picture that wants to make us face (it claims) secrets in ourselves that are suppressed.

Jean-Marie and Nicole, who have been

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Affliction. *Nick Nolte, as a rural cop, contends with a legacy of violence. Wintry New England gets heated up with well-characterized brutality. (Reviewed 2/1/99)* **Dr. Akagi.** *Shohei Imamura's usual rough-hewn work which is, again as usual, dynamic and revealing. A rural Japanese doctor in the last days of World War II. (2/8/99)* **Private Confessions.** *Another Ingmar Bergman screenplay explores his parents' marriage. Liv Ullmann directs appropriately. (2/1/99)* **Shakespeare in Love.** *Bright and brawling fun in London, 1593. (1/4&11/99)* **—SK**

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married for fifteen years, run a dry-cleaning shop in Belfort, a small city near the Swiss border. One evening they go to a nightclub and see two women, or what seem to be two women, perform a sinuous dance in slinky gowns. They learn that the two women are really brother and sister, and subsequently, somewhat to their bourgeois surprise, find themselves becoming friendly with the dancers. Circumstances, credibly arranged, soon leave the brother, Loic, with the married couple. Loic, a drifter who has not cared much where he drifts, becomes an assistant to Jean-Marie in the shop and does well at it. In time Loic and Nicole begin the affair that we expect; Jean-Marie discovers it and, without disclosing his knowledge, tolerates it. Jean-Marie, not stupid, understands without clearly admitting it to himself that the reason for his tolerance is that he himself is attracted to Loic.

The catalytic effect that Loic has on this conventional pair of shopkeepers is so convincing that Fontaine registers her cardinal point: many lives maintain their order, sexually speaking, less because they are firmly rooted than because they are never severely shaken. But the ending of the film descends into convention, not a pat happy finish but a pat unhappy one. Dark as it is, it is still a contrived escape hatch from the discomfiting situation that has been believably developed.

Charles Berling gives Jean-Marie both sufficient warmth to keep him interesting and sufficient timidity to make his routine life the armor that he needs. This is the most difficult of the three principal roles because it's the most difficult to keep sympathetic, and Berling strikes the right chord. Miou-Miou, happily visible on American screens ever since *Going Places* (1974), gives Nicole verity, appealing even as she tampers with her place in the cosmos. Stanislas Merhar fills Loic with what the role needs, a wistful yet forceful sexuality, a waif who makes his way with his musk but without incessant aggression. Fontaine, with her neat grim finish, causes her picture to falter in its tantalizing truth, but not so far that we can forget it. •

Capitalism, corrected and uncorrected.

The Lobster and the Squid

By Jackson Lears

I.

Good news from the frontiers of global capitalism: the magic of the market has rendered social conflict obsolete. The scramble for profits enriches us all. Struggles between nations or classes for scarce resources are a figment of the fevered Marxist brain. The real challenge facing the world economy is the removal of archaic customs that inhibit "growth." Once that is done, the free-trading future promises utopian harmony.

Or so at any rate it seems, to judge by contemporary public discourse. Occasionally a rupture appears: a revelation of the plight of strawberry pickers or running-shoe fabricators. But journalistic newspeak more commonly reduces battles over workplace power to debates about managerial techniques (privatizing, outsourcing, downsizing), and dissent dissolves in clinical language. Only a crank, it is assumed, could oppose "increased productivity."

Jackson Lears teaches history at Rutgers University. He is writing a book about chance and luck in American cultural history.

Titan:
The Life of John D. Rockefeller, Sr.
by Ron Chernow
(Random House, 774 pp., $30)

Atlantic Crossings:
Social Politics in a Progressive Age
by Daniel T. Rodgers
(Harvard University Press, 634 pp., $35)

Creating the Corporate Soul:
The Rise of Public Relations
and Corporate Imagery in
American Big Business
by Roland Marchand
(University of California Press,
461 pp., $39.95)

Hobbes's war of all against all persists, but behind a fog of up-with-people slogans and boyish technophilia. Corporate rhetoricians meld economic and technological determinism to dissolve social tension. Thus Bill Gates's *The Road Ahead* concludes with a mind-numbing vision of the cyberworld we will soon inhabit: it features "friction-free capitalism" created by perfect Internet communication between manufacturers and distributors, buyers and sellers. This is the future as Disneyland, a world where no desire is evoked that cannot be satisfied with the click of a mouse.

There was a time when some Americans had a sharper sense of how their society worked. In *The Financier*, in 1912, Theodore Dreiser gave that awareness its classic expression. His young protagonist, Frank Cowperwood, walks daily past a fish market where a lobster and a squid have been placed in a tank together. The two creatures begin a protracted dance of death, lasting several days. Frank is fascinated. At first the squid escapes the lobster's thrusts, but "by degrees small portions of his body began to disappear, snapped off by the relentless claws of his pursuer." Finally Frank returns to the tank to discover the squid "cut in two and partially devoured."

The boy glimpses a larger social meaning in this scene, a key to understanding how life is organized. "Things lived on each other—that was it. Lobsters lived on squids and other things. What lived on lobsters? Men, of course! Sure, that was it! And what lived on men? Was it other men?" He ponders the possibilities: Indians and cannibals, wars and street fights and mobs, masters and slaves. "Sure, men lived on men." Cowperwood clings to this insight throughout his career, as he manipulates money and bribes his way to financial eminence.

Dreiser's biological analogy, for all its crudity, caught the conflict at the core of laissez-faire capitalism. Struggle was the law of life, in the financial markets as in the fish markets; the fittest survived and the weak were their rightful prey. This simple-minded Social Darwinism equated wealth with "fitness" and gave unregulated markets the spurious sanction of natural law, but it also acknowledged the destructive underside of economic competition—the role of raw power, the frequency of failure, the specter of want.

That may be why this supposed justification for capitalism was so seldom invoked by capitalists themselves. Even at the post-Civil War height of laissez-faire, the most rapacious robber barons could rarely bring themselves to acknowledge the amoral anarchy of the marketplace. Quite the contrary: they sought to sanctify the pursuit of success with conventional moralism. They invoked an ethic

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of hard work and providential rewards, and conflated selfish ambitions with civic virtue, and merged private gain with public good.

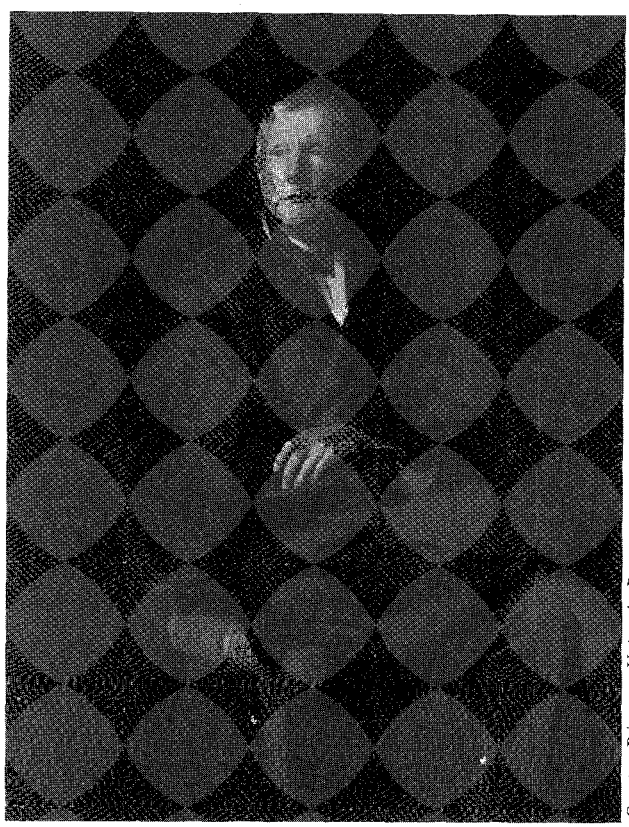
By the late nineteenth century, such sleight-of-hand had become more difficult. Lots of lobsters were devouring lots of squids. The growth of huge monopolistic corporations created concentrations of power responsible to no one, and eventually provoked pervasive public alarm. Journalists, academics, and civil servants resurrected republican ideals of civic culture in a new rhetoric of disinterested expertise. Haltingly, and then in a rush during the New Deal, the American version of the welfare state began to emerge.

World War II gave business leaders a chance to regroup and to reclaim a major role in policy. The result, during the postwar decades, was a triumph of business-oriented Keynesianism. Apparently, fiscal and monetary policy could maintain aggregate demand and soften the impact of the business cycle without threatening a redistribution of wealth. The lobster, fed and monitored regularly by government officials, could coexist with the squid. The old Social Darwinist metaphors no longer seemed relevant to the managerial society of postwar America. The beasts of the marketplace had been tamed.

But only temporarily. Since the 1970s, as American employers have found themselves increasingly exposed to overseas rivals, they have begun to eviscerate the social base of Keynesian policy, which is an economically secure labor force. As "flexible" management strategies make job security obsolete for most Americans (not to mention the rest of the world), Social Darwinist metaphors acquire renewed relevance. Men still live on men.

Despite the blessed assurance brought by the bull market, then, the revived mythology of laissez-faire demands scrutiny. Yet historical awareness is in short supply; the past is a mere burden to the likes of Bill Gates. That is why these three fine books are so welcome. Taken together, Ron Chernow, Daniel T. Rodgers, and Roland Marchand provide a wealth of evidence detailing the limits of laissez-faire, the necessity of government intervention in the economy, the reasons the welfare state came into being. They also demonstrate how few Americans, even at the heights of heroic entrepreneurship, have been willing to let the free market operate freely. The consequences have been too frightening. Seldom has anyone wanted to look capitalism in the face.

Yet the concealment of economic aggression in Protestant morality was not mere hypocrisy. For centuries, Protestantism had promoted ambivalence toward wealth: money could be a sign of God's grace, but it could be also a temptation to idleness and extravagance. The doctrine of stewardship solved the problem by declaring that the money was on loan from God. The rich man's duty was to distribute as much as possible during his lifetime. From this perspective, "he who dies rich dies disgraced," as Andrew Carnegie declared. Stewardship could relax the tension between private gain and public good—but only if the wealthy took the doctrine to heart.



Courtesy Princeton University Press

JOHN SINGER SARGENT, *JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER*, 1917

Few rich Americans did so more fervently than John D. Rockefeller, Sr. Coldhearted capitalist, destroyer of rivals and disdainer of unions, he was also the premier philanthropist of his age, perhaps of any age. "God gave me my money," he said, and there was no arrogance in the claim. Ruthless accumulations were sanctified through charitable benefactions; his career, he assumed, was all of a piece. Rockefeller combined an absolutely earnest appearance with extremely flexible ethics. Early on, he learned how to distance himself from personal moral responsibility through a complex, hyperorganized delegation of authority. His devious stratagems served to promote all sorts of social evil, yet the man remained a paragon of personal righteousness and (in the long run) philanthropic generosity. Rockefeller's career showed how the Protestant ethic could survive the shift from an entrepreneurial to a managerial society. He never doubted his place among the saved.

Ron Chernow is nearly persuaded of it, too. To be sure, his conscientious and thorough biography of Rockefeller registers many doubts. He grants equal time to the bribing of legislatures and the funding of cancer research, and he makes Rockefeller's moral doubleness an organizing principle. As Chernow observes, "his good side was every bit as good as his bad side was bad. Seldom has history produced such a contradictory figure." But ultimately the balance tips toward an emphasis on Rockefeller's benevolence.

One reason for this is structural. The man retired at fifty-six, lived to ninety-seven, and spent most of his autumnal years on systematic philanthropy; small wonder that Chernow's biography tilts in that direction. Yet Chernow himself has a tendency to ignore Rockefeller's hypocrisies, to question his critics' credentials, even to slide into sycophancy. Like earlier writers on the subject, he assumes that Rockefeller's chief offenses were against his competitors rather than his employees, toward whom he was "a model of propriety and paternalistic concern." What a ludicrous description of this sanctimonious old snoop, whose policies systematically broke unions and degraded craft skills, and who prowled his estates searching for shirkers among the landscape crew.

While Chernow's book is a masterful synthesis of research and writing, its frequently celebratory tone is just a little too well suited to its historical moment. This is a time, after all, when CEOs pose as culture heroes, and multinational corporations equate entrepreneurship with creativity, and the market enjoys the status that God enjoyed in medieval theology (the Primum Mobile, the Uncaused Cause). One imagines *Titan*'s handsome bulk residing, unread, on executive coffee tables throughout the land: a Rockefeller for the 1990s.

Still, *Titan* is more than an expression of fin-de-siècle success worship. It is also an extraordinary achievement in biography. Chernow not only reconstructs three generations of Rockefellers in

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fascinating detail; he also illuminates fundamental changes in their social world. The connections between biography and history are clearest in the successive patriarchs. Indeed, each could serve as emblem of an epoch.

William "Doc" Rockefeller was a bigamist and a big shot. A smooth-talking purveyor of trinkets, dreams, and magic elixirs, he was the sort of shape-shifting confidence man who flourished on the margins of the mobile mid-nineteenth-century marketplace. Moralists were alarmed by such men as "Doc" Rockefeller; they were convinced that the excesses of enterprise could be controlled by the Protestant ethic. Plain living and plain speaking would counteract debauchery and deceit. Self-made men would overcome confidence men.

John D. Rockefeller, Sr. was nothing if not a self-made man. He embodied success through system, the stabilization of market sorcery through Weberian rationality—an increasingly common pattern in late-nineteenth-century entrepreneurship. From childhood to senescence, he was obsessed with control—of himself, of his environment. Even his admirers, such as the journalist William O. Inglis, admitted there was "something bordering on the superhuman, perhaps the inhuman" in Rockefeller's "unbroken, mechanical perfection of schedule." There was more at work here than the Protestant ethic. As Chernow makes clear, Rockefeller's obsession with control was rooted in revulsion against his father's infidelities and unreliabilities—the damage a "free spirit" could do to the people who depended on him.

The preoccupation of "Doc" Rockefeller's son with eliminating chance, whatever its personal sources, had important public consequences. The dream of predictable profits animated his drive to rationalize the oil industry, which he did by means of monopoly power. The Standard Oil empire, even after its formal dismemberment in 1911, set the pattern for the twentieth-century economy of oligopolistic, multinational corporations.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr. came to represent the more benign face of that corporate system, after he finally emerged from his father's shadow to manage the family's philanthropic operations. Junior's pain at the public criticism of his father (whom he desperately desired to please), his first faltering steps toward fairer labor-management relations, his determination to preserve wilderness and commemorate the pre-industrial cultures that Standard Oil helped to destroy: all suggest a more capacious sense of commonweal than John D. Sr. could have imagined. Junior ushered in an era in which corporate chieftains spoke the language of social responsibility. A skeptic might wonder how much of their well-advertised concern for the public good was merely a more professional version of old Doc Rockefeller's confidence game, but there was no denying that twentieth-century business leaders had to play by a new set of rules.

Daniel Rodgers and Roland Marchand provide complementary perspectives on those rules, who made them, and why. With copious research and compelling anecdote, Rodgers recreates the trans-Atlantic intellectual revolution that revived civic culture, tamed the harshest features of laissez-faire, and made the state a guarantor of basic decencies. *Atlantic Crossings* is a truly remarkable synthesis of intellectual history and political history. Historians will depend on it for decades to come, and policy intellectuals will ignore it at their peril.

Despite Rodgers's graceful style, his book is not always briskly read. The labyrinths of public policy can be dark and chilly, and debates about urban drainage do not set the pulse to racing. What is amazing and revealing, though, is that those debates really did excite the earnest academics who journeyed to Britain, France, and (especially) Germany during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, in search of fresh ideas for curbing the excesses of the market and revitalizing visions of commonweal. Rodgers skillfully resurrects the world of progressive social thought, a world in which professors pursued public service and economics was a branch of moral philosophy. For better or worse, it is a world that we have lost. Its monument is what remains of the welfare state.

For all their naïve faith in the power of planning to create a more satisfying society, the progressives did succeed in debunking the mythology of laissez-faire and proposing more humane alternatives. From the New Deal to the Reagan era, a superstitious reverence for the unfettered market would remain out of fashion. Meanwhile, corporations had to adjust to changed cultural conditions, to demonstrate that they were not the villains targeted by progressive polemics, but responsible citizens who used their power to enhance the public good.

They accomplished that task, as Marchand shows in *Creating the Corporate Soul*, by hiring the adepts of advertising and public relations to persuade a developing mass audience that the emperor really did have clothes—flannel and denim, mostly. On a grand scale, the early PR men perfected the Orwellian strategy that characterized corporate apologetics for much of the twentieth century: the innovator (they claimed) was really a traditionalist at heart. The soulless corporation was really the guy next door. The man who pioneered this inversion was Ivy Lee, whose most famous client was John D. Rockefeller, Sr. The oil baron acquired a folksy persona late in life, after decades of secret dealings and disregard of public opinion. In his deployment of public relations as in his rise to monopoly power, Rockefeller epitomized the transition from the nineteenth century to the twentieth century.

II.

American commerce, Tocqueville wrote in 1835, was "a vast lottery," and that was precisely its appeal. Americans "love any undertaking in which chance plays a part," and their mobile, unsettled society offered many. The promise of risk-taking was the prospect of starting over, somewhere else; and the reward could be a reinvented self. Rockefeller's grandparents, hangdog Godfrey and commanding Lucy, took a chance when they moved from New England to western New York in the early 1830s. Their son William took another chance when he spun off from the family group, drifted into the vicinity of Richford, New York, and began a career of perpetual self-fashioning in the patent medicine trade.

Soon the charming salesman had talked himself into a wife, Eliza Davison, the daughter of a substantial farmer in the region. The poor woman had no idea what she was getting into. Big Bill dragged her to his rough-hewn homestead and before long brought Nancy Brown, one of his old girlfriends, into the house too, as a "housekeeper." Bill began having children alternately by wife and mistress. As Chernow writes, "thus the fiercely moralistic John Davison Rockefeller (appropriately named after Eliza's sober father) was sandwiched ... between two illegitimate sisters, born into a situation steeped in sin." It was 1839.

Bill combined flamboyant charlatanry with a reasonably shrewd business sense; this created a feast-or-famine atmosphere at home. Away for months at a time, he arranged credit for his family at the local general store. Eliza drilled her children in thrift, never knowing when the credit might be canceled. Bill would return from his trips in a magnificent carriage, his shirtfront glittering with diamonds, pay all the bills in cash and gather the family round for food and tales of his picaresque adventures among pioneers and Indians.

Bill's erratic success made young

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John's boyhood a blend of restless anxiety and upward mobility, as the family moved to progressively more genteel and established communities: from Richford to Moravia to Owego. John, meanwhile, increasingly became a stand-in for his absent father. He was the oldest legitimate child, the first son, with two younger brothers and a sister. His character was forged by the evangelical revivals that blazed so often through western New York that the area became known as "the burned-over district." What gave permanent form to his fervor was the sanctity of his mother's Baptist example and the strictness of her discipline.

He was a slow learner, but patient, persistent, and uncommonly clever with figures. It is not surprising that he quickly became a perfect little *homo economicus*, buying candy by the pound, dividing it into small portions, then selling it at a tidy profit to his siblings. A neighbor recalled young John as "the coldest blooded, the quietest and most deliberate chap," nearly obsessive in his frugality and rationality. Yet he was no automaton. From time to time he betrayed a deep stream of emotion. Like others in the evangelical fold, he channeled a flood of strong feelings into the practice of piety. Sunday was for psalm-singing sentiment; the rest of the week for systematic achievement.

Rockefeller's psyche was what we now like to call "compartmentalized." In this way, it allowed space for his father's influence. While Bill provoked John's lifelong resentment, he also impressed the boy with the magical power of money. Flashing it constantly, perhaps to conceal the pettiness of his own accomplishments, Bill made money seem (his son recalled) like "God's bounty, the blessed stuff that relieved all of life's cares." From paternal example, John also learned that business was best viewed as a struggle for survival: when his father ran a lumber business, he used to keep his men from "stagnating" by arbitrarily firing, then rehiring them. Insecurity was incentive. And, despite his mother's Protestant standards of plain speech, John would grow up with enough of his father in him to resort to a subtle theatricality when it suited his interests.

By the time he was sixteen, however, John was sufficiently embittered against his father to commit metaphorical patricide. Bill had become Doc Rockefeller, a "botanic physician" who cured cancer for twenty-five dollars and who slipped from town to town just ahead of the latest scandal he had provoked—including a rape indictment. John, heading west to Cleveland to seek his fortune, began to refer to his "widowed mother" in correspondence. He would publicly deny his father's existence for thirty years. Meanwhile, Bill reinvented himself as "Dr." William Levingston and married another woman, becoming a bigamist and leaving Eliza "a premature widow" with (as Chernow writes) "a lifelong suspicion of volatile people and rash actions."

Her eldest son shared her mistrust. His solution was to follow the manly Victorian path toward mastery. Money may have been magical, but like other forms of magic it could be controlled, directed. That was what he discovered when he first lent money at interest: the results astounded him. "The impression was gaining ground with me that it was a good thing to let the money be my slave and not make myself a slave to money," Rockefeller recalled. Fine words; but the task was easier described than done. To harness money's unpredictable power required calm, unrelenting concentration—which Rockefeller possessed in preternatural abundance.

He arrived in Cleveland in 1855, sixteen years old and full of lofty but vague ambition. "I did not guess what it would be, but I was after something big." After weeks of disappointment, he landed a job with Hewitt and Tuttle, commission merchants and produce shippers, on September 26, 1855; he honored the date for the rest of his life as "Job Day." His "almost mystic faith in numbers," his relentless dunning of customers, his feelings of guilt at even receiving a raise: it all makes him sound like a parody of Horatio Alger's virtuous clerks. But the typical Alger hero did not "gaze longingly" at a $4,000 banknote, as Rockefeller recalled doing. His implicit admission that the bill carried an "almost ... erotic charge," Chernow writes discerningly, was particularly remarkable in this eerily disciplined man, who insisted "I never had a craving for anything."

Within three years he had saved enough to open his own shipping firm, with the help of a $1,000 loan (at 10 percent!) from Big Bill himself. Thus began a bizarre *pas de deux* between the two men—a dance of acknowledgement and denial, and ambiguous gestures of reconciliation—that lasted for nearly half a century. At nineteen John was part owner of a prosperous business, yet he was uncomfortable with his partners, an Englishman named Maurice Clark and a local *bon vivant* named George Gardner (later mayor of Cleveland and Commodore of the Cleveland Yacht Club). Rockefeller felt like a roundhead among cavaliers, hostile and censorious toward their extravagant ways. Despite tension, fresh opportunities continually presented themselves.

The Civil War made a lot of people rich, and Rockefeller was one of them. Like other Northern Baptists, Rockefeller was an abolitionist, but he was also a noncombatant when the war came. As chief provider for his mother and siblings, he had a made-to-order excuse. Meanwhile he made a tidy fortune shipping produce, flour, ham, and other commodities to the troops.

Yet the war was a piddling opportunity compared to the oil spurting from the streambeds of northwestern Pennsylvania. The trick was refining it into kerosene—"the poor man's light," in Rockefeller's words—and getting it to market. When Sam Andrews, a self-taught chemist and refiner, needed collaborators with capital, Rockefeller and Clark pooled their resources and plunged into the wildly volatile oil business.

III.

To the fastidious Rockefeller, the oil fields presented a satanic vision, a hell in need of harrowing. Like miners in the California gold fields, wildcatting drillers swarmed over the slippery landscape in search of the single lucky strike that would set them up for life. Decent enough fellows, Rockefeller thought; but they had no system. They were little more than gamblers, and their risk-taking tendencies did little for the moral tone of the region. In towns such as Oil City, card sharps and prostitutes proliferated, and the air was filled, as one visitor recalled, with "the slap of cards on the whiskey-stained tables of groggeries." Rockefeller picked his way through this fallen world, grimacing in distaste but following his own aphorism: "success comes from keeping the ears open and the mouth closed."

From the outset, his circumspect attention to detail paid off. He removed the risk from a risky business. To suspicious bankers who equated refining with "outright gambling," Chernow writes, Rockefeller "projected the image of a rising star whom bankers ignored at their peril." He borrowed huge sums, but distanced himself from speculative plungers. He dumped one of his partners, Maurice Clark's younger brother James, because (said Rockefeller) "he gambles in oil. I don't want this business to be associated with a gambler." Though he never had a losing year, he seldom displayed any outward satisfaction with his feats. The single exception noted by Chernow is a revealing one: on hearing that he had secured a cargo of oil at below market price, Rockefeller burst into a jig. Money carried a unique *frisson* for this worldly ascetic. The key to his success was his capacity to manage his secret passion.

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Throughout his life, Rockefeller's sacred text was Ledger A, the book that he used to record his personal receipts and expenditures when he was first starting out in Cleveland. He kept it in a safe deposit box and, decades later, nearly burst into tears when he pulled it out to display to schoolchildren. It epitomized all his efforts to banish spontaneity and unpredictability from life. A direct line of development stretches from Ledger A to the Standard Oil monopoly, from inner control of the self to outer control of an industry.

To be sure, there was nothing inevitable about that trajectory. One of the ways that we banish conflict from our economic history is to subsume certain developments in a broader, irreversible flow of linear, evolutionary change. Historians and economists resort to this idiom in characterizing the growth of corporate capitalism. It is an advantage of biography, therefore, that it restores an element of uncertainty to the past. Focusing on idiosyncrasies of choice and chance, it reminds us that apparently "natural" causal chains might well have been linked in profoundly different patterns.

Still, Rockefeller's quest for control was so implacable (and so successful) that its outcome in retrospect seems almost fated. It is one of Chernow's achievements to have revealed the uncanny fit between Rockefeller's own emotional needs and the larger contours of American economic history. His obsession with minimizing chance depended on containing the carnival spirit of the mid-nineteenth-century marketplace, the spirit embodied in his father and other mid-nineteenth-century confidence men—the aura of exotic sensuality and extravagant display, the willingness to lurch between scarcity and surfeit.

This did not mean abandoning the confidence game itself. The game was instead to be refashioned in new corporate forms. The emerging managerial culture combined Protestant reassurance of respectability with corporate diffusion of responsibility. Eventually its leaders, Rockefeller and his contemporaries, realized the value of public approval. Dressing deceit in decent clothing, they detached capitalism from its traditional associations with the figure of the disreputable (and frequently Jewish) peddler.

The "subtle vein of anti-Semitism" that Chernow discerns in Rockefeller's correspondence is telling in this connection. In 1891, when Rockefeller faced off against the Rothschilds in a struggle to control oil shipments through the Suez Canal, Standard Oil propaganda darkly referred to the "Hebrew influence" on shipping through the canal. Rockefeller himself raged privately against "the old, old, Jew method" of playing favorites with customers—which he contrasted with Standard Oil's "fairmindedness." This was a characteristic ritual in WASP managerial rhetoric: invidious distinction, unconscious projection, renewed legitimacy. Jews, like gamblers, constituted a negative identity against which Christian capitalists could reaffirm their virtue.

As Rockefeller's career demonstrates, the appearance of WASP rectitude could conceal the diffusion of moral responsibility through the complex delegation of authority. Secrecy and deception were central to his success, but he had to orchestrate those skills at new levels of subtlety. In the corporate and legal labyrinths of the late nineteenth century, one can see the notions of truth and innocence beginning to be transformed into the notions of credibility and deniability. Though Rockefeller and his generation remained attached to a Protestant moral idiom, their institutional creations rendered it less applicable to everyday economic life.

As an epitome of the emerging managerial ethos, Rockefeller was a lobster in a world of squids: inefficient refiners, independent retailers, artisans who wanted fair pay. Anyone who blocked his implacable will to profit was overwhelmed through secrecy, deception, and the brutal exercise of market power. Unlike Rockefeller's philanthropy, his business practices revealed no sense of responsibility to a larger public good.

Consider the case of railroad rebates. By 1868 Rockefeller operated the largest oil-refining business in the country; he also had a new partner in Henry Flagler, a merciless competitor who would one day own much of the Florida coast. They used their market power to cut a secret deal with the Lake Shore railroad, receiving well below the publicly posted rates in exchange for steady shipments of oil. Since nothing was written, Rockefeller could later deny any knowledge of the arrangement. From a strict market perspective, it made perfect sense. The problem was that railroads possessed a public character. They received the right of eminent domain (the precondition for their operation) from charters granted by state legislatures, and therefore they could be considered common carriers with a responsibility to provide equal rates to all. This argument depended on the republican idea of commonweal, a concept alien to Rockefeller. He simply could not conceive a public interest that might

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undermine the interests of his firm.

Throughout the decades following the Civil War, Rockefeller steadily expanded his control over the oil business, from the pump to the pipeline to the country store. His minions brought rival producers to their knees by refusing them pipeline service, and bullied retailers into stocking only Standard Oil products or else being (in Chernow's words) "starved out of business." Since state law forbade corporations to operate in more than one state, Rockefeller made sure that Standard Oil subsidiaries preserved a fiction of independence, keeping dummy letterheads and puppet directors. And ample funds were always made available to ensure the cooperation of governors and legislators. Rarely did Rockefeller bribe or threaten anyone directly, but Chernow concedes that there was "no doubt that he was the brains of the operation, directing activities he professed to deplore and setting the tone for his subordinates."

If the façade of deniability cracked, this paragon of Protestant morality was perfectly willing to perjure himself. Chernow notes the illegality of Rockefeller's tactics, but he refuses to condemn them. To him they are usually mere "shenanigans," sometimes even "elegant" solutions to practical problems posed by "antiquated" restrictions on interstate commerce. In any case, he observes, Rockefeller's ethics were usually no worse than those of most other entrepreneurs during that age of reckless expansion.

This is probably true, but there is another context to be considered. Rockefeller's career demands to be judged not only by the standards of Gilded Age business, but also by the standards of his own Protestant Christianity—a religion that celebrated sincerity and demonized deception, that envisioned a righteous community of plain-speaking believers who treated each other fairly and honestly, who said what they meant and meant what they said. Yet Rockefeller's success depended on the deceitful manipulation of appearances. The company's attorney Samuel Dodd, Chernow writes, "was a wizard at contriving forms that obeyed the letter but circumvented the spirit of the law." At Standard Oil, the spirit killed, the letter gave life. It was a world governed by Flagler's motto: "Do unto others as they would do unto you—and do it first." This was Christianity in reverse. Rockefeller used his mother's religiosity to cloak conduct as dishonest and self-absorbed as his father's.

And never did he betray any anxiety on this front. For him, as for many of his contemporaries, the key to peace of mind was a divided self. He married Laura "Cettie" Spelman, the pious daughter of a prominent Cleveland family, in 1864. She and their children came to constitute a separate domestic realm, defined sharply against the amoral chaos of the market. When business drew him from the hearthside, he wrote Cettie longing letters, declaring that "the world is full of Sham, Flattery, and Deception and *home* is a haven of rest and freedom." It was a standard formulation, the stuff of Sunday sermons and domestic tracts, and it betrayed no hint of awareness that its author was himself a master of deception.

Indeed, Rockefeller struggled to keep his family insulated from "the world" in every way. The children were educated by private tutors. Their social life, to the extent that they had one, centered on the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church in Cleveland. The amount of their wealth remained a mystery to them; they were raised in an atmosphere of obsessive frugality. Though their father loved to tell them stories and to play with them, his rigorous morality fostered a sober atmosphere in the household. And Cettie was even stricter. Together they created a bleak domestic landscape where duty reigned and spontaneity was largely absent. More completely than most businessmen of his time, Rockefeller embodied the quintessential Victorian contrast: rigid moralism at home, Social Darwinism at work.

Like most historians, Chernow assumes that Rockefeller's main victims were his business rivals, and that his labor policies were basically benign. *Titan* tells us next to nothing about any Standard Oil employee below the managerial level. Yet they had histories too, as Herbert Gutman demonstrated in his pioneering work on Rockefeller's labor policies (which Chernow ignores). In January 1875, ordinary laborers at Standard Oil made $1 a day if they worked full time; skilled coopers might make half again that much if they were lucky. That same month, the officers of the corporation voted a dividend of $115 on each $100 share. When prices rose, or when Standard Oil succeeded in cornering another market, stockholders reaped rewards and workers received nothing. When prices dropped, workers received less than nothing: the company cut their pay.

In 1877, the coopers' union struck to protest a series of pay cuts, and this gave Rockefeller the opportunity to break the union. His managers introduced barrel-making machinery and hired a variety of strikebreakers, including some inmates of the Pittsburgh prison (a remarkable anticipation of contemporary management strategy). They also mobilized the Cleveland police, who waded into a crowd of strikers wielding nightsticks and cracking heads. Eventually the union died, and so did the workers' hopes for fair treatment. None of these "shenanigans" makes it into Chernow's book. Here again the excuse that "everybody did it" collides with Rockefeller's religiosity, showing how thoroughly he subordinated his Christianity to the secular pieties of laissez-faire.

IV.

Chernow's sympathy with his subject leads him to trivialize Rockefeller's critics. Henry Demarest Lloyd, whose *Wealth Against Commonwealth* (1894) posed a pioneering challenge to the moral pretensions of business civilization, emerges in these pages as a foppish "millionaire socialist." Ida Tarbell, naturally, gets more respect. Her series of muckraking articles, Chernow admits, was "the most impressive thing ever written about Standard Oil." Still, he insists that her criticism was marred by "nostalgia" for the era of small producers. Her father was one, a decent driller from Rouseville, Pennsylvania, strangled (she thought) by the Standard Oil octopus; and her brother was a prominent figure in Pure Oil, one of Standard's last remaining rivals. These connections compromised Tarbell's objectivity, in Chernow's opinion. In Rockefeller's view, they invalidated her project completely. Unable to grasp any notion of economic justice, he reduced all his critics' motives to the envy of disappointed competitors.

Without question, Tarbell had personal motives. Yet she also drew on a rich republican tradition. It promoted sentimental sympathy for small producers, but also a realistic recognition of conflict between unchecked economic power and a larger commonweal. The republican tradition pointed toward the progressive reforms of the early twentieth century. It sanctioned the impulse to harness private gain on behalf of the public good.

Tarbell's muckraking had significant legislative results. The series appeared at a "fleeting transitional moment" when corporations had power but no public relations. Public outcry against Standard Oil prompted passage of the Hepburn Act of 1906, which gave the Interstate Commerce Commission power to regulate railroad rates and to put interstate pipelines in the ICC's domain. It also pushed Theodore Roosevelt toward reluctantly backing an antitrust suit against Standard Oil, which led to the break-up of the company in 1911—though by

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then, as Chernow observes, the industry had become too vast for even Standard Oil to control it. But the point had been made: government intervention might be necessary to keep the free market free.

Rockefeller, meanwhile, was richer in retirement than he had been on the job. The break-up of Standard Oil coincided with the dawn of the automobile era. Gasoline would be a bigger boon than even kerosene had been. But life was not all beer and skittles at the Rockefeller household. Tarbell's series troubled them deeply. Nearly all were afflicted by medical troubles or severe nervous strain. The paterfamilias himself lost all his hair to alopecia, and retreated into the fortress-like garrisons that he built at Forest Hill, near Cleveland, and in the New Jersey pine barrens.

Rockefeller's visits to the Euclid Avenue church became rarer. According to Chernow, "it never occurred to Tarbell" that she was responsible. Indeed, she believed that his churchgoing was a hypocritical strategy to defuse criticism; and Chernow says this charge was a sign of her "patent cruelty," a mark of her "malice." Such defensiveness verges on sycophancy. Given what Rockefeller's critics knew of his business practices, how could he not seem like a pious old phony?

But Chernow's sympathy for the Rockefeller family is another matter. They deserve it. They were sensitive enough to be pained by public criticism of the patriarch and hurt by their own social isolation. Cettie retreated into "nunlike religiosity." Her daughters Bessie and Edith retreated into troubled marriages and (in Edith's case) into years of Jungian analysis. Junior wallowed in self-doubt and prolonged dependence. His father kept him on a short leash, an allowance disguised as a salary, until he was thirty-eight. Meanwhile, Junior fretted about the corrupt practices he saw at Standard Oil, naïvely assuming that his father had nothing to do with them. But he had suspicions, and muckrakers like Tarbell only made them worse.

The relationship of the father and the son gradually softened during the period of Rockefeller's retirement, as he turned more and more of his energy to philanthropic pursuits. Here was where the old man's sense of public good—however detached from his actual business practices—could finally flourish. Chernow demonstrates in great detail how Rockefeller pioneered the transformation of scattershot charity into systematic philanthropy. His extraordinary generosity began in his early days at the Euclid Avenue church, and spread to the African American seminary in Atlanta that was renamed Spelman College, and then to the University of Chicago and the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research (later Sloan-Kettering). And this list only scratches the surface. There is no denying Rockefeller's sincerity with respect to stewardship, or the farsightedness of his gifts. The systemization of giving ironically paralleled the systemization of getting that Rockefeller had perfected in the oil business. The world of privately endowed universities and foundations represented the kinder, gentler face of WASP managerial culture.

Junior was happier in that world, where he developed a broader vision than his father's. The central event in his transformation was the Ludlow Massacre in April 1914. It was a hard winter in the coal fields, and miners struck Colorado Fuel & Iron, demanding recognition of their union. The Rockefellers held a controlling interest in the company, and Junior was on the board. Up to that point he had accepted his father's views on unions; they were, the old man believed, meant to enrich workers who "spend their money on picture shows, and whiskey and cigarettes." Workers only struck, in the opinion of the Rockefellers, because they had been terrorized by union organizers.

When Congress launched an investigation into conditions in the mines, Junior took the stand and defended the open shop, winning the plaudits of the business community for his forthright defense of property rights. Two weeks later, though, National Guardsmen set fire to the strikers' tent city, killing several miners, two women, and eleven children. A chastened Junior began to meet with the social gospel minister Mackenzie King, who persuaded him to make a public *mea culpa* and begin investigating the prospects for labor-management cooperation. It was a halting step toward a broader sense of social responsibility, however paternalistic, among corporate leaders.

Maybe more significant, the Ludlow Massacre reinforced the Rockefellers' determination to pay more attention to public relations. Since Tarbell's series, the old man had begun to talk more openly to journalists in the hopes of sweetening his self-presentation. He granted an unprecedented interview to William Hoster of the *New York American*, who (Chernow says) was struck by Rockefeller's "populist streak, how he was intrigued by common people but indifferent to the highborn." Here, as early as 1906, we can see the birth of corporate pseudo-populism: the oil baron presented as a man of the people. And after Ludlow the old man hired Ivy Lee, who made Hoster look like an amateur. Lee transformed the image of Rockefeller from an aloof schemer to a kindly old gent dispensing wisdom and, eventually, dimes. (The dimes were John D.'s own idea.) By the time he died, this resourceful innovator had remade himself as an icon of conservative values.

V.

Meanwhile, the people who called themselves progressives were more conservative than Rockefeller—at least in the sense that they sought to conserve some commitment to a lived sense of commonweal, some core of resistance to the corrosive impact of market power on social bonds. They realized that private philanthropy, no matter how systematic or generous, could not salve all the abrasions of economic life. Insisting that the achievement of a true civic culture could not be left to chance, they forged a public parallel to Rockefeller's drive for predictability in the private sector.

A quarter-century ago, in the heady days of New Left historiography, progressive reformers made a tempting target. Whether they were petit-bourgeois moralists or technocratic elitists or both, they evoked the disdain of a generation of historians for whom the corporate state had become a hostile power. Without question, progressive social thought was marred by soft spots: its naïve faith in disinterested expertise, its class-bound and culture-bound faith that planners could create a rewarding way of life

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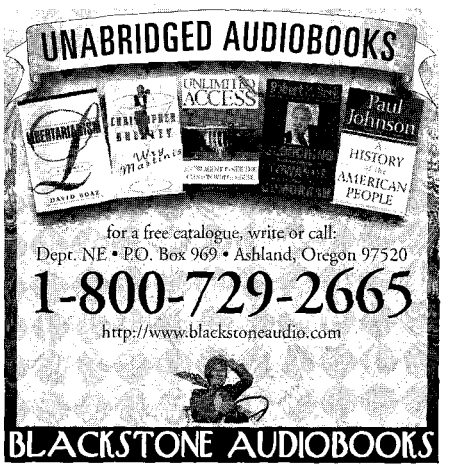

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for the whole population. The specter of social engineering haunted the dream of the welfare state. As Rodgers's book makes clear, however, most progressive thinkers were neither as naïve nor as arrogant as later critics claimed. For all their limitations, they refashioned republican tradition into a more cosmopolitan vision of social democracy. Now that public discourse has been imprisoned by free market fundamentalism for nearly two decades, the much-abused progressives begin to look more appealing.

Rodgers' multi-archival, multi-lingual research underscores the earnest good will of young men willing and even eager to slog through the trenches of European social policy in search of civilizing ideas. Consider W.F. Willoughby, senior foreign agent of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, who in 1900 translated hundreds of "murderously dull" pages of German social insurance legislation; this led him to the first comprehensive American book on social insurance and the beginnings of a university career. Yet there was more than careerism animating his efforts. Like so many of his contemporaries, he found in Germany what he missed at home: the "social idea." As Rodgers writes, "the thread of the social seemed to ascend unbroken from the open-air concerts through the university lecture halls up to the very state itself."

The quest for "the social" took on, for many, a distinctly religious cast. The economist Henry C. Adams put the motive plainly in his diary a week after his first Christmas in Berlin. His version of Christianity differed profoundly from Rockefeller's. "If it was right for Christ to take away the cloak which covered the sins of men, it is right for me to do the same for that which makes mere men think their own acts of injustice are not their acts but the outworking of laws beyond human control," Adams wrote. "Nothing in the economic world is beyond the control of men and men must waken up to the controlling of these laws."

Adams's zeal emboldened him to launch a public attack on the sacredness of property. In 1886, his forthrightness provoked his dismissal from Cornell, where he held a half-time appointment. The other half of his job was at the University of Michigan, where President James Angell warned him that American professors could not expect the same range of academic freedom that Germans enjoyed—since American university boards were dominated by businessmen. Intimidated by a spate of heresy trials (which the trustees rarely lost), Adams and other German-trained economists retreated from the prophetic mode. Yet he still insisted on the power of the state to set a floor beneath competitive practices and thus prevent the market from driving them down to the lowest ethical denominator, as well as to intervene in such "natural monopolies" as railroads and public utilities.

These and other progressive ideas betokened a significant intellectual transformation. The development of "the social idea" in economic thought marked a fundamental departure from the laissez-faire dogma that had paralyzed policy debate for decades (despite being honored more in the breach than the observance). The creation of the rationale for a welfare state, moreover, involved the temporary transcendence of American provincialism; it arose from pilgrimages to Paris, London, and Berlin, from the trans-Atlantic importation of European theory and practice. For a brief historical moment, at least a few Americans overcame their national narcissism and acknowledged that (as *The Arena* magazine wrote in 1905) the United States was "more or less a camp follower among the great peoples of the earth" in the effort make capitalism humane.

The progressives professed fealty to a common discourse of humane social policy, flowing across national boundaries. Their faith was shaken by World War I, but the New Deal offered American progressives a reprieve, an opportunity to pull plans out of file drawers where they had been stuffed twenty years before. The work of Isaac Rubinow, an intellectual godfather of Social Security, was one example. The son of a Jewish textile merchant forced to flee Russia, Rubinow was a "physician-turned-statistician" (and socialist) who became the leading American authority on compulsory social insurance. Frustrated for decades by chauvinistic opposition, he saw that the atmosphere of crisis offered policymakers another opportunity to overcome the popular assumptions "that we are the greatest, richest nation and people in the world, and by implication, the wisest as well; that we are entrusted with a special historic mission to teach the old and effete world and not to learn from it."

But World War II and the postwar period saw the return of the creed of American uniqueness—buttressed, ironically, by one last trans-Atlantic borrowing: Keynesian economic theory. In the ravaged postwar world, only the United States had the material basis to support the Keynesian vision. Only the United States was rich. Minimum income guarantees, from the postwar perspective, were rooted in European scarcity. They were un-American.

The progressives' great achievement was to break the chauvinistic mold and to persuade policymakers that other nations' experience might actually have something to teach us. Like Rockefeller, progressives were offended by the disorder of American life. The municipal reformer Frederic C. Howe disgustedly dismissed the American city as a mere "accident, a railway, water, or industrial accident." Urban planning promised "a new civic loyalty, a 'city sense,' a new collective sensibility." To progressives like Brand Whitlock, Baron Haussmann's Paris embodied a triumph over "the hideous anarchy and accident" that characterized American cities.

This was partly an aesthetic recoil, a longing for a coherent vision of urban life to replace the chaotic play of individual fancy. To be sure, this desire could evoke the peril of authoritarianism: it is no secret that Haussmann's designs were meant to contain the revolutionary rabble, and that modernist dreams of order could produce sanitized, cheerless spaces. Yet the concern for aesthetic coherence was a necessary counterweight to unplanned development and an essential part of public discourse; and its absence has helped to produce our bleak contemporary landscape of strip malls and sprawl.

The progressives' war on chance had ethical dimensions as well as aesthetic ones. Unpredictable calamities had always been part of life, but under industrial capitalism (Rodgers writes) they seemed "less predictable, and their human face less easily disguised." Everyday life under capitalism was plagued by the possibility of accident, and social insurance was a means of counteracting it. According to its advocates, the British National Insurance Act of 1911 (one of many European models for Social Security) was designed to create "a new foundation of averages" that would replace "the old foundation of chance." Thus statistical expertise could underwrite social democracy.

The progressives' humanitarian vision of the public good collided with a combination of entrenched political power and free-market ideology. Mass transit plans were designed to protect the interests of private investors and their political patrons; zoning became a way of protecting property owners and enhancing property values rather than beautifying cities; agricultural cooperatives worked best when they coincided with farmers' marketing needs. When progressives failed, the fault was less in their own naïveté and arrogance than in the obduracy of the economic and cultural

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forces arrayed against them.

Still, they accomplished a major reorientation of our public discourse (at least for a time), a move toward a more humane conception of political economy. After the last twenty years of free-market jabber, their achievement looks more impressive, their fundamental decency more apparent. *Atlantic Crossings* is a worthy reconstruction of their work.

During the early decades of the twentieth century, while progressives tried to engineer a more humane society, corporations sought to simulate their sponsorship of one. Roland Marchand's book recounts business leaders' discovery and elaboration of public relations strategies. By the 1920s, largely in response to progressive political ferment, slickly marketed earnestness became the trademark of the WASP managerial culture. Rockefeller's makeover was a prototype process, but later PR campaigns took on an even more daunting task: to provide a lovable folksy persona for the organization itself.

Marchand completed *Creating the Corporate Soul* just before he died in 1997. He was an indefatigable researcher who could also turn a phrase. His last book artfully melds business history and cultural history as it recreates the struggle of corporate executives to wrap their enterprises in the imagery of intimacy and neighborliness. A classic instance occurred in 1923, when Bruce Barton (co-founder of Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborn) undertook a campaign for General Motors that aimed "to personalize the institution by calling it a *family*." As a GM executive observed: "The word 'corporation' is cold, impersonal and subject to misunderstanding and distrust. 'Family' is personal, human, friendly. This is our picture of General Motors—a big congenial household." Once again, we are present at the creation of a contemporary cultural pattern: the attempt to fabricate a *faux*-familial relation between advertisers and their audience.

The cynicism behind this exercise surfaces only occasionally and obliquely in Marchand's book. One example will suffice. In 1928, an agency president defended the use of esoteric historical references, even foreign words and phrases, in institutional advertising, because such ads would allow consumers to "enjoy a sort of illumination, as if they were learning something." There was a world of suppressed contempt contained in that "as if," but Marchand avoids comment on it. Though he reconstructs the vast collective effort to create a corporate soul, he reveals little awareness of its fundamental absurdity.

A sense of the absurd remains a useful weapon against the pretensions of the powerful—especially in these times of hip capitalism, when irony has supplanted earnestness as the idiom of choice for many advertisers. Whether they are smirking at their own cleverness, urging us to find our own road, or promising us retirement security, the contemporary creators of the corporate soul are still sanitizing the messiness of the market, creating a symbolic universe where conflict is absent and the only moral choice that matters is which butt-kicking brand name to wear on your ball cap. Amid such terminal silliness, an absurdist sensibility can be a form of social realism, a reminder that the grand new global economy is still a tale of lobsters and squids. •

Madcap History

BY DAVID A. BELL

Theatres of Memory, Volume I: Past and Present in Contemporary Culture by Raphael Samuel

(Verso, 474 pp., $23)

Theatres of Memory, Volume II: Island Stories: Unravelling Britain by Raphael Samuel

(Verso, 391 pp., $35)

In cultural life today, few words have the evocative power of "memory." It is redolent of authenticity, vitality, tradition, deep organic connections, and the sacred. It seems to offer both a form of immortality (the only one in which many people still believe) and a talisman against the recurrence of what memory recounts: remember, so as not to repeat. And so there has come a steady drumbeat of anniversary, of co-memoration: scores of commemorations every year, as every group in modern society, from high school classes to political organizations to ethnic groups to sharers of the same sexual orientation, exerts itself to remember, ever more insistently, its triumphs, its tragedies, and its banalities.

Our current infatuation with memory, of course, is only an intensification of what has been a durable aspect of cultural modernity. For well over a century and a half, Western intellectuals have perceived themselves to be living in conditions of ever-accelerating change, and ever-quickening erosion and destruction of age-old traditions. More and more local particularities, they complain, are more and more insistently flattened out. (The euphemism of the moment for these leveling developments is "globalization.") "Memory" offers the hope of a lifeline in the midst of this deadly whirl, the hope of fragments to shore against our ruin. Is it any coincidence that so many of the great modernist novels are about memory?

Even so, at the end of the twentieth century this quintessentially modern obsession has definitely reached a preposterous peak. One reason is probably the millennium itself. (Just imagine the number of retrospectives, buryings of time capsules, and ill-informed discussions of the meaning of the past thousand years that we will have to endure over the next ten months!) Another is that the most important set of events of modern times, World War II, is now sinking below the horizon of living memory. Fewer and fewer people have actual recollections of it—hence the determination somehow to press every last trace of every living survivor's memory indelibly onto paper, tape, disk, or film, as in Steven Spielberg's massive Holocaust oral history project.

It is the Holocaust itself, of course, more than any other event of our time, that has crystallized and intensified modern anxieties about the subject, by demonstrating the terrible fragility of a people and its memories, and the redoubled need to bear witness in the face of modern, industrialized mass murder. Since 1945, the ancient Hebrew injunction *zakhor*—remember!—has not only come to refer specifically to the extermination of Europe's Jews, but has also

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On a Road to Somewhere Else

A blind dog barking
At an empty tree

A night so black
The waves lose their way to the shore

The friend gone on alone
Needlessly so, perhaps

A rain afraid to fall
On such dark windows

On a road to somewhere else
Where the dry earth has risen

A caravan of dust
Making for a windy prairie

CHRIS VOLPE

become something of a general cultural ideal. Now that real, physical memories of the Holocaust are disappearing, the anxieties about memory that it generated, rather than disappearing in their turn, have grown even more intense.

It is precisely because of the incredible resonances of the word, precisely because of the many ramifying effects of the Holocaust on our culture, that this is an auspicious moment to think skeptically about memory. Consider that the public obsession with it has come at just the moment when levels of historical knowledge, to judge by tests of American high school students, have fallen to their lowest point since the beginnings of mandatory public education. As much as it is the ally of historical understanding, memory is also its enemy. Both require the scrutiny of vast amounts of information, and then the selection of some of this information and its ordering; but memory and history do not obey the same logic in carrying out these operations. The one answers to the demands of the heart, to the psychic economy of the individual or the group. The other answers to the demands of the mind, and attempts—most imperfectly, it is true—to carry out an impartial and rational analysis. History depends on memory, to be sure; but if given too much scope, memory suffocates history.

This brings us to Raphael Samuel and *Theatres of Memory*. Samuel was a British historian who died, at the age of 62, in 1996. He was enthralled by memory and suspicious of history. In these two volumes of a planned trilogy, he explored, with evident delight, the vagaries and the vicissitudes of popular collective memory in Great Britain, showing how the memory of the past has been transmitted in such domains as architecture, fashion, museums, film and theater, political platforms, food, and tourism. Samuel was intrigued, above all, by the phenomenon that he called "modernization in mufti": the way in which recent self-proclaimed "returns to the past" have in fact concealed radical breaks with the past, and have clandestinely advanced quintessentially "modern" agendas. He discerned it in everything from the fad for "country kitchens" (carefully carved wooden exteriors concealing up-to-date appliances) to Thatcher's pronouncements on "Victorian Values" (a slogan concealing a full-scale assault on established hierarchies in everything from trade unions to the Tory Party itself).

Described in capsule form, Raphael Samuel's *Theatres of Memory* sounds rather like Pierre Nora's *Les Lieux de mémoire* (published in English in three volumes as *Realms of Memory*), which explored the shifting meanings attributed over time to hundreds of different "sites" of French national memory. Samuel's work has something of the flavor of Nora's, including its taste for whimsy and its appetite for exposing invented traditions. But no single individual could ever match the efforts of the scores of contributors gathered together by Nora, and Samuel, wisely, did not even try. His work has nothing systematic about it. It reflects, rather, one of his own favorite phrases: "madcap enthusiasm."

Samuel's work is a sprawling, often fascinating, and also repetitive and uneven, collection of articles, reviews, newspaper columns, and short reflections. His caustic comments on the Social Democratic Party and its uses of history have a distinctly stale flavor to them (the party no longer exists), as do his essays on the "unravelling of Britain" in the light of Scottish and Welsh nationalism—by now a very familiar topic. Samuel died before completing the work, with the result that his widow Alison Light, along with Sally Alexander and Gareth Stedman Jones, had to compile *Island Stories* from his scattered and sometimes unfinished drafts. The volume has something of the feel of a "memory book" itself, a *memento mori* of its author.

Still, some of Samuel's writings are close in spirit to *Les Lieux de mémoire*, and at least one essay, on the Tower of London, stands comparison with the best of the historiography in Nora's volumes. In this wonderful piece, Samuel shows how the public image of the Tower changed dramatically from the eighteenth century, when it served as a military arsenal and attracted visitors mostly because it housed the royal menagerie, to its current station as a national shrine. He includes the lovely detail that, in the eighteenth century, the crown jewels were kept in "an old smoky cupboard in a vault" and shown to visitors by an old woman, by candlelight, for the cost of a shilling.

In general, Samuel is at his best with buildings and city landscapes. He insists that historians learn to "read the runes" of the urban environment, to grasp the patterns of past lives in changing styles of house-building and street layout, just as rural historians learn about the vanished peasantry by excavating their fields. The same sensitivity also informs the essays on film. Thus Samuel shows masterfully how the dark, dirty, threatening, and claustrophobic London of David Lean's *Great Expectations* of 1946—a counterpoint to the bright, stainless-steel future then on offer from Clement Attlee's Labour government—contrasts with the light, clean, and picturesque city of Christine Edzard's *Little Dorrit* of 1987. The past is now a source of warmth and comfort, not a specter to be exorcised.

Samuel was an editor of the radical *History Workshop Journal* and one of the most beloved figures on the British intellectual left; and this collection makes clear why. His essays overflow with self-deprecating charm, and with amusing—if predictably uncritical—recollections of the author's "religiously Communist" upbringing ("There was the bust of J.V. Stalin on the kitchen mantelpiece, and one of Beethoven in my mother's room. Otherwise, nothing: not a single ornament"). Here is Samuel describing his family's overzealous attitudes toward nature:

> The countryside only became interesting when it was "hilly." It only qualified as scenery when it was bleak. Indeed the lonelier the aspect, the more sombre the setting, the more barren the landscape, the more authentic the view.... Meteorologically, too, we seem to have had a taste for the severe, and indeed in my jaundiced recollection, the ultimate gauge of authenticity was to arrive back from a walk "wet through."

Samuel's self-consciously English love of detail is especially infectious. In the space of just a few pages, the reader

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learns the following: that the number of "designated ancient monuments" in the U.K. rose from 268 in 1882 to 12,900 today; that there are 78 British museums devoted to railways; that another museum recently put on an exhibition on the history of the lawnmower; and that a Scottish council has spent £200,000 on the "refurbishment of a gentleman's urinal on the island of Rothesay." There is also this gem: "The fossilized shit of a seventeenth-century Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, has revealed an entire menu of gastronomic delights, including: mustard, plums, black pepper, apples, grapes or raisins, gigs, raspberries, black mulberries, wild or alpine or hautbois strawberries, walnuts, and hazels of filberts."

Unfortunately, thanks to the very passion that made Samuel's writings so appealing, his intellectual delights, unlike the Provost's gastronomic delights, were not always fully digested. This was especially the case in regard to the balance of memory and history. Despite his long tenure as a professional historian at Oxford, Samuel remained deeply suspicious of the practices of the historians' guild. He scorned its narrowness of vision (particularly its preference for written texts over visual and architectural evidence—"modern conditions of research seem to dictate an almost complete detachment from the material environment"), its over-specialization, and its reluctance to turn a critical gaze on itself. But Samuel had an endless fascination with forms of popular historical memory, whether in Great Britain's 1,300 independent museums (most of which, he writes, began with "the madcap enthusiasm of an individual observer"), in collections of old photographs, in the return to "traditional" brick buildings after decades of architectural prostration before the altar of concrete and glass, in reenactments of battles, even in food packaging (for instance, "the Sainsbury labels which contrive to associate bacon with every element in the pastoral idyll—ivied church, village green, babbling brook, even the haystack ... but never the sight of a pig, let alone a carcass").

This twinned suspicion and fascination admittedly led Samuel to make some splendidly searching observations about the historian's craft. This one, for instance:

> We may not construct imaginary speeches in the manner of Thucydides, but by selective quotation we can make subjects give expression to what we believe to be their innermost being. We make extravagant claims for the importance of our subject, and strain interpretation to secure the maximum effect. Footnotes serve as fetishes and are given as authorities for generalizations which a thousand different instances would not prove. We suppress the authorial "I" so that the evidence appears to speak for itself. We improve on the original, making connections to cover the gaps in the story, the silences in the evidence. Our pictures, apparently seamless, are so artfully framed and carefully composed, that the historian's gaze imposes itself.... In another way of looking at it, the historian's "reading" of the evidence could be seen as an essay in make-believe, a way of dressing up fragments to make them look like meaningful wholes.

This passage might usefully be posted above every practicing historian's computer screen.

The trouble is that having issued such warnings, and having exhaustively exalted the riches of popular historical memory, Samuel stops. He leaves the argument only half done. What should writers of history who heed his words actually *do*? He makes a strong case that they should open their eyes to old photographs, and more generally to the evidence of the material world around them. They might even take part in a battle reenactment or two. (One imagines David Cannadine and John Brewer straining to pull a cannon across Marston Moor.) But will this really help them to write better history, history that is *not* simply "an essay in make-believe"? Is such history possible? Here, the loquacious Samuel has surprisingly little to say.

As a result, he not only gives a misleading picture of the balance between history and memory, but also a picture that is belied by his own real talents as a historian. *Theatres of Memory* itself, and particularly the controlling concept of "modernization in mufti," effectively demonstrates the dangers of conflating history and popular memory. Real Victorians would not have felt at home in the light, airy, spacious, centrally-heated buildings now touted as "Victorian"; nor would most of them have found any kind of kindred spirit in the radically anti-hierarchical Thatcher. (Samuel tends to be less enthusiastic about memory when the remembering is being done by right-wing politicians, or rich developers.) Here, popular memory has taken a few aspects of Victorian society out of context, and presented them as the whole. And we know this because of painstaking work done by professional historians to illuminate the society, the culture, and the politics of nineteenth-century Britain.

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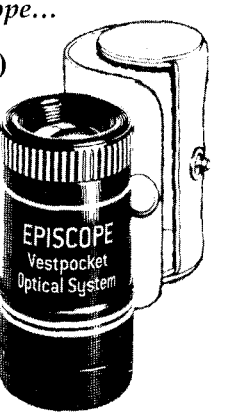

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Which is to say that Samuel's own work, like any good historical work, implicitly recognizes a basic division of labor between history and memory. Shifts in popular memory can certainly suggest new sources to historians. They may even suggest or reinforce new interpretations of the past. As Samuel remarks, the version of the British past that deals with bricks and bacon packages "is not only more democratic than earlier ones, but also more feminine and domestic.... Hearth and home, rather than sceptre and sword, become the symbols of national existence." Here popular memory has indeed converged in a fruitful way with the investigations of the "new social historians." Yet surely popular memory cannot *determine* the course of historical investigation. That must depend, in the end, on the admittedly imperfect internal dynamic of the historical discipline, and obey its methodological scruples about the use of evidence and the logic of argument.

Samuel is so enthralled by the enthusiastic little platoons of memorialists, and so deeply, pessimistically skeptical about his own profession, that he loses this perspective. His fluid, prolix writing irresistibly conjures up the image of history as a battle between joyful bands of madcap amateurs, busily excavating old photographs and urinals and fossilized provostial shit, and dry-as-dust swots rotting away in the libraries and the senior common rooms. It is an amusing image, and very much in keeping with the British left-wing, populist historical tradition of R.H. Tawney and E.P. Thompson, who both loudly voiced their preference for the company of common people over academics, and sought to liberate the people from the "enormous condescension of posterity."

But do we really want ignorant madcap enthusiasts writing our history books, highlighting what their own urges and their own anxieties lead them to wish to remember, and omitting what they have forgotten or repressed or never bothered to learn in the first place? Obviously not. Samuel himself would probably not have wanted them doing so; but he doesn't say so in this book, and he repeatedly downplays the potentialities of history that his own work exemplifies. It is not always the case that footnotes are mere fetishes. (Samuel's footnotes are not.) Historians do not always make extravagant claims. (Samuel usually does not.) Historical writing can amount to considerably more than make-believe. (Samuel's best essays are much more than make-believe.) We need to bear all these complications in mind, and still maintain at least some explicit faith in history and its practitioners. And never more than in this season of rampant remembrance.

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Horror and Hindsight

BY ISTVAN DEAK

Official Secrets: What the Nazis Planned, What the British and Americans Knew by Richard Breitman

(Hill and Wang, 325 pp., $25)

Can it be said that the United States and Great Britain were responsible, at least in part or indirectly, for the Holocaust? Did Allied indifference encourage the Nazis to proceed with their murderous plan? Why did the West not ransom the European Jews? These and related issues have been debated for decades, and the arguments of the critics have been reinforced by newly uncovered documents showing the unconcern, even the anti-Semitism, of certain British and American officials. Still, many critics have been carried too far by their anger. Witness such categorical indictments as those in Arthur Morse's *While Six Million Died: A Chronicle of American Apathy* (1968); Monty Penkower's *The Jews Were Expendable: Free World Diplomacy and the Holocaust* (1983); and David S. Wyman's *The Abandonment of the Jews: America and the Holocaust, 1941–1945* (1984), all of which give away their message in their titles, which make the truth seem simple.

These indictments are certainly correct in many respects, but they bespeak a zeal that is sharply critical of nearly every aspect of American and British policy. Driven by righteous indignation, some historians assert that the sinking of the American passenger ship *Lusitania* during World War I was more the fault of Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, than of the German submarine commander who torpedoed the boat, or of the German High Command, which joyously celebrated the deed. (Revisionist historians assert that Churchill provoked the sinking of the *Lusitania* in order to drag the United States into the war.) The aerial bombardment of Germany during World War II, which contributed powerfully to the defeat of the Nazis, has been repeatedly described as a terrible British and American crime, as has the devastation of Japan by conventional and atomic bombs. The U.S. Fifteenth Air Force, which was stationed in southern Italy during the last one and a half years of the war, has been a particular target of criticism: its commanders have been found guilty of refusing to save Jewish lives by not precision-bombing the gas chambers in Auschwitz or the railway lines leading to the death camp. As for the cold war, it is often presented as solely the result of American imperialist machinations, with little reference to the Soviet takeover of Eastern Europe.

I disagree with some of the details, and even with one or two of the major contentions, in Richard Breitman's masterful account of British and American behavior during the war, but his work is neither sensationalist nor dogmatic. Breitman is in the enviable position of having gained first access to some newly uncovered documents, and he has made good use of those sources, presenting a balanced and often novel account. The last sentences in his book regarding Allied responsibility for the horrors of the Final Solution are worded cautiously: "[T]he record generally shows that in 1942 and 1943 the U.S. government ... did not try to do what might have worked. This makes it very difficult, long, long after the fact, to demonstrate that saving more Jews had been impossible."

What might have worked on behalf of European Jewry, says Breitman, would have been the creation much earlier of the U.S. War Refugee Board, which did not come into existence until January 1944. This organization succeeded, in Breitman's judgment, in preserving a significant number of Jewish lives through such stratagems as sending citizens of neutral countries, who were actually secret representatives of the Board, to Eastern Europe. Their assignment was to try to help the local Jews, an endeavor in which at least one agent, the Swede Raoul Wallenberg operating in Hungary,

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was quite successful.

Breitman takes his time in leading the reader to the fundamental dilemma addressed by his book, namely, what more could the British and the Americans have done? The first section of the book has only a tenuous connection with the Anglo-Americans; instead it rehearses Germany's road to the Holocaust on the basis of newly opened German and British records. Breitman argues that such relatively unknown Nazis as the Gestapo boss Kurt Daluege, and SS General Erich von dem Bach-Zelewski, the future Nuremberg witness for the prosecution who was, in the eyes of that tribunal, almost simpatico, and SS General Karl Wolff, who early in May 1945 achieved fame for surrendering the German army in Italy to the Allies, played much greater roles in the Holocaust than has been hitherto assumed. Since these men were engaged in 1939 in preparing the destruction of the Polish political elite (a program powerfully assisted by the allied Soviet forces in their own occupation zone), they temporarily soft-pedaled the Jewish question. In 1941, however, it was the turn of the Jews.

As the German tanks rolled toward Moscow, SS *Einsatzgruppen* and battalions of the infamous Order Police, the *Ordnungspolizei*, began the program of systematic annihilation. At this point, Breitman disagrees with Daniel Goldhagen's controversial thesis that the Order Police, made up mainly of middle-aged civilians, were among the most willing of Germany's many millions of willing executioners. In the battalions that he examined, Breitman reports, it was not so easy to say no. Orders had to be followed, though it is true that there is no evidence of anyone having been punished for refusing to kill. In any case, there was no shortage of volunteers; nor was there any lack of approval and active assistance from the regular army.

The official justification for the massacres, as Breitman shows, was that the Jews were looters, and that, in accordance with the usages of war (*nach Kriegsgebrauch*), looters were to be shot. I wonder whether any German policeman believed such nonsense. And anti-Semitism was not, of course, a German monopoly: in the East, volunteer murderers from every nationality were easy to find, except for the Poles, whose armed assistance was never permitted.

As Breitman and others have demonstrated, the planning of the Final Solution began much earlier than the Nazis' notorious Wannsee conference in January 1942. Always ready to translate Hitler's *Mein Kampf* into reality, Heinrich Himmler concocted the idea of the "unmixing" (*Entmischung*) of the Europeans, which stood for the elimination of the Jews and millions of Slavs. Unfortunately, Hitler's most radical statements regarding the "Jewish menace" were missing from *Mein Kampf*'s English editions. This, among many other things, delayed the realization in the West of what Hitler and his companions intended to do.

Yet the tendentious translation of *Mein Kampf* was only one of many reasons why the Allies did not protest more vigorously and did not admit more refugees. There was, first, the Western governments' fear of public reaction at home. Both American and British popular anti-Semitism were at their peak in the late 1930s. In Depression-ridden America, moreover, German Jewish immigrants were resented as unwanted competitors, while East European Jews were perceived, even by many Western Jews, as an unappealing group.

Also, the Allies were reluctant to return to the discredited heavy-handed attacks on German atrocities that had characterized Western propaganda in the First World War. The myth of the barbarous German "Hun" had been vigorously repudiated in the interwar years. (Interestingly, recent findings show that the German soldiers did indeed behave quite barbarously in occupied Belgium and northern France, at least during the first weeks of World War I.) Skepticism about news originating from Polish and Jewish sources helps to explain why reports of the Holocaust met with so much disbelief.

To all these inhibitions, Breitman argues, there must be added the reluctance of the Western leaders to treat the Jews as a separate group for fear of seeming to agree with Nazi racial doctrine. Both Roosevelt and Churchill worried about creating the impression that they were fighting a "Jewish war." There was also concern about German retaliation against Allied prisoners of war. Finally, the British objected strenuously to the immigration of masses of Jewish refugees into Palestine, for fear that it would upset the extremely precarious balance between the British authorities, the Arabs, and the Jewish settlers. As Breitman notes, the Romanian threat to release 70,000 Jews in 1943 was evaluated in the Foreign Office as a "frightful prospect."

Some of the Allied objections to massive immigration were unreasonable only with the wisdom of historical hindsight. But was anti-Semitism not also at work here? Of course it was. Breitman cites, among other damning documents, the private secretary of Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, who noted, in April 1943, that Eden "loves Arabs and hates Jews." Others in the British Foreign Office and the State Department were no better. And yet the Jew-hatred of officials and bureaucrats cannot explain everything. Even without the presence of these men, Allied policy regarding immigration would not have changed much. This was, after all, a period of worldwide callousness and hostility toward refugees. The United States was actually not the worst culprit. As the writers in *FDR and the Holocaust* (1996) show, the United States admitted twice as many Jewish refugees (200,000 out of a total of 300,000) as the rest of the world put together. The essays appearing in *FDR and the Holocaust* attempt to reject, in part emotionally, in part with hard evidence, many of the charges against President Roosevelt. They protest the widespread view that Roosevelt was even more "guilty" than Churchill.

How much did the Anglo-Americans know about the Holocaust? Breitman's answer is quite categorical: they knew quite a lot, and early. But the diffusion of this knowledge was severely limited by the requirements of war. British decoders at Bletchley Park, a justly famous outfit, penetrated the German, Soviet, Japanese, Spanish, Portuguese, and American codes during the war. Having received a duplicate of the German Enigma encoding machine from Polish counterintelligence in 1939, the British developed their celebrated Ultra system, which decrypted some of the most secret German messages, including reports in 1941 of the killing of thousands of Jews in Eastern Europe.

In accordance with the general trend of not seeing the Jews as a special Nazi target, however, while at the same time exalting the Soviet people, Churchill himself interpreted these killings as targeted at "Russian patriots." Soon thereafter he was given more precise figures on the events in the East by Paul Thümmel, a German *Abwehr* (military intelligence) official who worked secretly for the Czechoslovak government-in-exile. Breitman concludes, from what Thümmel told Churchill, that "almost three months before the start of operations in the first extermination camp and more than four months before the Wannsee Conference, British intelligence had a basic grasp of Nazi intentions toward Jews in the Soviet territories."

But intentions are not everything, and in any case British decoding had a great drawback: so as not to give away their secret, Britain's leaders rarely dared to act on their information. Concern for the fate of the Jews in occupied Eastern

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Europe could not possibly have been a high priority in the Allied camp, especially in 1941 and 1942, when the outcome of the war was still in doubt, and when Britain was fighting for survival. Since there was not much that British diplomacy or the military could do at that time, Bletchley Park transmitted fewer and fewer decoded messages about the killings to Churchill. Breitman believes—rightly, in my opinion—that much more publicity about Nazi crimes, especially about crimes committed by the Order Police (which Bletchley Park was able to decode with relative ease), might have persuaded some officials in occupied Europe that the Jews were deported not for labor but for death. Fearing retaliation, these officials might have moderated their zeal to do the Germans' handiwork.

Since they allowed millions of Soviet POWs to die, the German armed forces needed Jewish laborers. In 1943 systematic mass extermination more or less ceased at Treblinka and other death camps, and selection became the rule in such places as Auschwitz. The young and able-bodied were put to work, often only to be killed later; the rest were gassed and burned without anyone bothering to register their names and numbers. British intelligence tracked the changing population in Auschwitz from decoded SS reports, but it was ignorant of the gas chambers.

More information about the factory-type massacres arrived with brave Polish agents such as Tadeusz Chciuk-Celt, who parachuted twice into Poland and, in the fall of 1942, sent messages from Budapest about mass executions at Auschwitz. As Breitman shows, both the Polish underground Directorate of Civilian Resistance and the Polish government-in-exile reported regularly on the ovens of Auschwitz. Understandably, the Polish underground also wanted the West to know of the systematic depopulation by the Nazis of such places as Bialystok and Lublin provinces. The inhabitants there, mostly peasants, were gassed, deported to Germany, or sold to the new German settlers.

There were other valuable informants as well, such as the German businessman Eduard Schulte, whose reports on the Final Solution reached the Allied authorities, via Geneva, late in 1942, but were met with disbelief. And there was the Polish underground fighter Jan Karski, later celebrated in the film *Shoah*, who crisscrossed Nazi Europe more than once, and late in the autumn of 1942 landed in England with the mission to report on the Nazi attempt to kill all the Jews. Among other things, Karski brought an incriminating microfilm concealed in a key. He met with Churchill, Roosevelt, and other politicians, but he was not believed even by many Jews, including Felix Frankfurter. But again, one must repeat, there was not much that the British and the Americans could have undertaken at the time of their own greatest national emergency.

A Joint Allied Declaration, issued in December 1942, denounced the murders and threatened retribution. According to Breitman, the driving force behind the declaration was the Polish exile government. The Declaration was read several times, but not often enough, on BBC Radio. In the opinion of the BBC leaders, this was not what most Europeans wanted to hear, a contention that may have been correct. But Breitman believes that the Declaration nonetheless saved many lives by drawing attention to Nazi crimes. Curiously, one part of public opinion held that publicity about the mass murder would only increase Nazi fury; but I agree with Breitman that, beginning in 1943, many officials in Europe had second thoughts regarding the outcome of the war, and thus even the infrequent warnings issued by the BBC caused some of them to overlook German orders regarding the Jews.

Things began to change following the Allied invasion of southern Italy in September 1943 and the establishment of American air bases there. And it is at this point that the criticism of some Holocaust historians becomes quite unreasonable. The critics claim that the bombing of the railway lines and of the gas chambers at Auschwitz could have been undertaken, but was not undertaken because of the callousness of the military and political leadership of the United States. There were indeed some callous officials, notably Assistant Secretary of War John J. McCloy; but I have never understood this argument, not even after reading Breitman's work, which cautiously supports this criticism of American policy.

The obstacles to a bombing attack were overwhelming. Jewish leadership in the United States was profoundly divided over the question of whether the camps should be bombed. No American general would have consented to kill Jews in the camps in order to prevent the killing of other Jews. The Germans may have drawn some propaganda advantage from the affair by claiming that it was the Anglo-Americans who were murdering Jews.

But let us assume that such raids would have been successful, and that only a few inmates of the camps would have been killed, even though some barracks were only a few hundred yards away from the gas chambers. And let us assume further that many inmates would have managed to escape. Where would they have gone, without any knowledge of Polish (by then most Polish Jews were dead), emaciated and dressed in prison garb? In Poland, the penalty for hiding Jews was the execution of the host and his entire family. And even if all the gas chambers and crematoria were destroyed, experience had already demonstrated to the Allies that even greater complexes could become functional again in just a matter of weeks. (In August 1943, the U.S. Army Air Force sacrificed over five hundred airmen and fifty-four bombers in an attempt to smash the vast Romanian oil refineries in Ploesti, which were vital to Germany. Despite horrifying losses, the raids destroyed nearly half of Ploesti's total capacity; but within weeks the refineries were producing at a higher rate than before the raid.) Moreover, the Germans would have been able to fall back on their time-honored method of shooting their victims. And if the rail lines had been bombed? The inmates of the cattle cars and those at the departure points would have been allowed to die of thirst, or of the heat, or of the cold, while the lines were being repaired.

The U.S. air force was fighting a war. To bomb a concentration camp could not have been a high military priority. The Allies had scarce information on the precise location of the gas chambers, even after four Slovak Jewish inmates escaped from the camp, in the spring of 1944, two of whom provided a description of the camp. Their report reached the West in July 1944, three months before the Germans dismantled the gas chambers at Auschwitz. By July, all the major transports had been gassed.

While the British had practiced pinpoint precision bombing, moreover, the Americans had not. The British used their best trained crews, after a long and arduous preparation, to raid such places as the Gestapo headquarters at Amiens in France and at Aarhus and Copenhagen in Denmark. Some of the raids were eminently successful, meaning that Gestapo personnel and papers were destroyed and the political prisoners in the Gestapo headquarters were able to escape. Unfortunately, many among the imprisoned resisters who had not been killed by the bombs were soon recaptured and shot. The aerial attacks on the special targets were prepared in coordination with local resistance and with the agents of the Special Operations Executive who had been parachuted into occupied Europe. The British pilots were provided with accu-

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rate maps and a precise description of the target. None of this was available for a raid on Auschwitz.

Moreover, there was "collateral damage" even in the case of precision bombings. In Copenhagen, where, on March 21, 1945, waves of British Mosquitos came in, skimming the rooftops, one plane struck a tall light pole and crashed into a Catholic school for children. Pilots in the following waves mistook the burning building for the Gestapo headquarters and leveled it with bombs. Within a few minutes, eighty-six Danish children and seventeen adults were dead. In *FDR and the Holocaust*, James Kitchens reports that an American bomber raid, on August 24, 1944, against a V-2 guidance works and an armament factory adjoining Buchenwald concentration camp at Weimar, caused the death of 315 prisoners. This, despite precise intelligence.

Kitchens also demonstrates that middle-range bombers could not easily have reached Auschwitz, which was 620 miles away from the bomber base in Foggia. Heavy bombers could have done the job, but at the cost of smashing everybody and everything. As has been proven again and again, bomber crews flying at a very high altitude often dropped their cargo many miles away from the target; sometimes not more than five percent of the bombs hit the target area. What would have been achieved, then, by raids on the two major camps in Auschwitz, where, in addition to Jews, there were Poles, Gypsies, Soviet POWs, German political prisoners, German "asocials," and so on, and even British POWs?

Toward the end of his book, Breitman discusses the complex and controversial issues surrounding Western efforts to save the Hungarian Jews, the vast majority of whom were still alive in the spring of 1944. He credits Raoul Wallenberg, the Swiss Consul Charles Lutz, and other neutral representatives in Budapest with having saved the lives, in the winter of 1944–1945, of more than one hundred thousand Hungarian Jews.

Certainly many Hungarian Jews survived, perhaps forty percent of the 825,000 who had qualified as Jews before the German army marched into Hungary, on March 19, 1944, precisely in order to solve the "Jewish question" there. But the partial survival of the Jewish forced laborers under Hungarian army command and the partial survival of the Jews in Budapest—as opposed to the Jews of the countryside, who had already been sent to Auschwitz—was owed to more important factors than the extraordinary efforts of foreign diplomats. This is not to belittle the noble achievements of Wallenberg who, after helping the Jews, perished in Soviet captivity; even if the lives he managed to save should be numbered, realistically, at a few thousand, this must still be counted as a significant achievement for the Swedish humanitarian and the U.S. War Refugee Board.

But the historical picture was complicated. Those other fortunate factors included the decision of Regent Miklós Horthy to forbid the deportations early in July 1944, thereby preserving the lives of the Budapest Jews, and the decision of the army high command, hitherto among the most ferocious of anti-Semites, not to surrender its Jewish forced laborers to Eichmann and his colleagues in May-June 1944. In fact, army officers pulled out draft-age young Jews from the deportation trains. Thousands of Jews also found refuge in monasteries, cloisters, and the homes of Christian families. Finally, the Hungarian fascist Arrow-Cross regime that the Germans had put in power in October 1944 set up and operated a ghetto in Budapest, the only one in Europe at this stage of the war. Many of these Jews were killed by Arrow-Cross thugs, while others died of starvation, yet the great majority of the ghetto inmates survived: they were freed by the Red Army in January 1945. No doubt, the Arrow-Cross's nonsensical desire to gain international recognition at this final stage of the war played a role in their decision to spare lives.

Did the Allies know? Yes, a great deal of information was available to them. Still, not all received the facts, not even in the highest political and military circles, and even fewer believed them. Telford Taylor, one of the chief prosecutors at the Nuremberg trials, wrote in his memoirs that he learned about the Holocaust late in 1945, in Nuremberg. Yet Taylor was attached to Bletchley Park during the final years of the war.

It is certainly true that those in the know did not undertake much to help the Jews. This was in large part because there was not much that could be done. Still, it is also certainly true that more active radio and leaflet propaganda, combined with very concrete threats, might have helped. Here, however, the Allies, whether Americans, British, or Soviets, fell prey to their own wartime propaganda, which insisted on characterizing all those deported, arrested, or shot, Jews or not Jews, simply as patriots. It was extremely difficult, consequently, to single out the Jews for special consideration. The Allies also sensed that many people in Nazi-occupied Europe, even some of those ferociously opposed to the German occupation, would not mind if the Jews, or at least the foreign Jews, were to disappear from their midst. In this respect, at least, there was little difference between these Europeans and some Allied officials. The former wanted fewer Jews in their countries, the latter did not want more Jews in their countries. The killings would have gone on in any case; but it was the moral eclipse of the outside world that completed the tragedy.

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TRB *continued from page 6*

preventing corporations from misusing the rings in advertisements. But the New Sources of Finance Commission performed the opposite service, signing up corporate sponsors left and right.

For the 1988 Olympics, nine multinational companies forked over a total of $100 million to the IOC for worldwide marketing rights to the Olympics. The 1996 Summer Games in Atlanta netted a total of $400 million for those rights. And that's on top of the television rights: NBC paid $3.5 billion to broadcast the five Olympic Games between 2000 and 2008. Indeed, in just 15 years Samaranch increased the IOC's assets from $241,000 to more than $100 million.

This would be absolutely fine, if it weren't for the fact that all of this money is being made off of the Olympics' reputation for being a benevolent force of good in the world. The Olympics, you see, have become a total sham. They are a sporting spectacle masquerading as a social movement. For all of the talk about promoting peace and bringing people of the world together—Samaranch has humbly proclaimed the Olympics the world's "most important contemporary social movement"—the Olympics are really no different from the Super Bowl or any other ostentatious sporting display. Except for the fact that the Olympics aren't as exciting (see the previous reference to curling and team handball).

Of course, there will be those who argue that doing away with the Olympics is unconscionable. Sports enthusiasts will say that the Olympics provide valuable exposure to underappreciated sports. But, if a sport can't make it on its own merit, maybe there's a good reason. Besides, would it be so bad if women's gymnastics—with its preternaturally prepubescent girls performing body-damaging pirouettes—went away? As for the games' much-touted benevolent effects, well, something tells me that the world will get along just fine without them. After all, it's not like the Olympics, revived just before the end of the last century, did much to prevent the bloodshed and evil of this one.

JASON ZENGERLE

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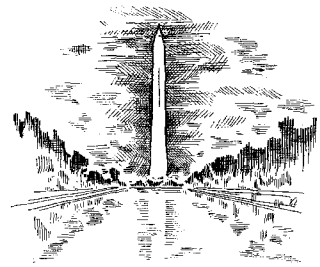
WASHINGTON DIARIST

Game time

HERE COMES THE SUPER BOWL, and with it my last chance to get out of chores by saying to my wife, "But, Nan, it's The Big Game!" To a certain subset of men all sports events are The Big Game. But it turns out that, if you live in Washington, this year what passes for The Big Game has consistently been a matchup between two teams that both had losing records. The problem is not just that the city's once-beloved Redskins continue to lose; it's that they clog up precious airtime on TV every Sunday. Nearby Baltimore now has a football-like entity, the Ravens, who sport high school uniforms (ridiculous purple stripes) and about the same winning percentage a high school team might post in the pros. But, owing to proximity, local stations also show many Ravens games, jamming the airways further. Worse, the Redskins sell out every date, meaning the TV blackout is always waived. And, in an absurd rule serving no function other than to penalize fans for filling stadiums, whenever a home game is televised, the network is forbidden by the NFL from showing any other game on the same Sunday.

AS A RESULT, DURING THIS YEAR'S football season, on many Sundays viewers in Washington were offered only a Redskins loss and a Ravens loss, plus some dopey matchup involving perennial also-rans. Top teams like Atlanta, Buffalo, Miami, Minnesota, and San Francisco were rarely shown on Sundays. Doug Flutie became one of sports' most compelling stories, yet he made no Sunday afternoon TV appearance in the nation's capital, while "The Game of the Week You Won't See" became a regular feature of *The Washington Post* football pages. The situation was even worse in New York City. There, the combination of the Giants and Jets playing in the same stadium—one or the other always home and always sold out—meant that the blackout-penalty rule kicked in every week. On Sunday afternoons, the nation's largest city saw every play by its local teams but little else. Steve Young? Dan Marino? Randy Moss? You can read about them in New York and Washington, but you can't watch them.

GIVEN THE BILLIONS RIDING ON NFL ratings, it might seem self-defeating not to show the best games in leading markets like New York. Economic theory suggests, then, that the NFL must have some incentive for keeping its own product off the air, and I think that's exactly what's going on. If you hate the fact that you can't get the top NFL games on network, you can now put a mini satellite dish on your roof and pay $159 per year for NFL Sunday Ticket, which can dial in any game. Perhaps the NFL is taking short-term viewership losses in order to induce millions of men to throw down their sports listings in disgust and sign up for pay-per-view. ("But, dear, I'm missing The Big Game!") Then, once every testosterone-pumped male household is hooked, the NFL can boost the fee as it pleases. The two largest satellite-to-home carriers, DirecTV and Primestar, last week announced a merger—a sure sign of a budding monopoly. Traditionally, Congress has exempted professional sports from restrictions such as antitrust on the grounds that the leagues repay the public by giving most of their product away free on TV. In Washington and in New York, most of what the NFL now gives away is the part of its product that you'd wrap fish in, and I doubt this is inadvertent. Subcommittees, please take note.



LONG AFTER FOOTBALL ENDS there will still be another Big Game in Washington, this one clogging up the networks around the clock. Indeed, at least for Republicans, the Trial of the Century is turning out much like the Redskins' season. (The GOP has already fired one coach.) As I watched this past week, I couldn't figure out why Kenneth Starr's minions kept insisting on meeting Monica Lewinsky in hotels. It's not like the independent counsel's offices, or the U.S. Capitol complex, lack for space—or security. Besides just wasting money—one of Starr's clear goals—he seems to be trying to insinuate that Monica is the kind of woman who agrees to meet strange men in hotel rooms. Starr and the House managers have kept up their end of the insinuation by supplying the strange men. But why have Lewinsky's lawyers gone along with this bimbo-esque touch, rather than insisting on the sort of dignified circumstances always received by Washington males under a legal cloud?

IN WHAT SEEMS A DENOUEMENT OF the biggest game of all—the cold war—Bill Clinton now says he wants to fund an intercontinental missile defense, a good idea in theory (see "Shields Up," TNR, August 17 & 24, 1998) but one plagued by technical failures and tedious ideological skirmishing. Coverage of Clinton's announcements noted the failures and the ideology but overlooked the evolving Pentagon bureaucratic politics of the subject. In years past, the Air Force was lukewarm on missile defense, because it was assumed the main funding would go either to ground interceptors controlled by the Army or to automated orbital platforms of the sort that create no work for flyboys. Recently, however, the Air Force intensified development of a missile defense contender, a system called Airborne Laser. It's a modified 747 with a fierce-looking laser turret. Airborne Laser is max-tech and seriously zoomy. Best of all, it requires pilots. The system has shown promise in tests, though even air turbulence can damp out its beam. There's a chance Airborne Laser will evolve into something capable of protecting the United States from missiles launched by rogue states, and that's good; but what this project may protect best is the institution of the Air Force. In recent years, as the Navy's megabucks carrier battle groups continue to circle the globe, the Air Force has found itself both with steadily fewer "roles and missions" and under increasing pressure to switch to cruise missiles and unmanned drones. Airborne Laser would, in contrast, generate a carrier battle group of the sky—giant billion-dollar flying machines sailing overhead, fueled by tankers and flanked by fighter escorts, looking for something to do. Every little kid will want a model; that's for sure. Toy manufacturers are already in line. So are my sons, Grant (nine) and Spenser (almost four).

WHETHER MY EIGHT-YEAR-OLD daughter, Mara Rose, joins that line will depend on whether technology stays cool. Mara recently sat through a coolness session with her primary school friends. Our family has just come back from three years in Europe (my wife is a U.S. diplomat), and the kids are out of touch with stateside cultural norms. The other day the neighborhood girls lectured Mara on what's acceptable—black clothes, rolling your eyes, that sort of thing. The highlight came when they had her repeat many times, until she got the inflection just right, "Like, duuuuhhh." Who made these words cool? Find him and impeach him.

GREGG EASTERBROOK

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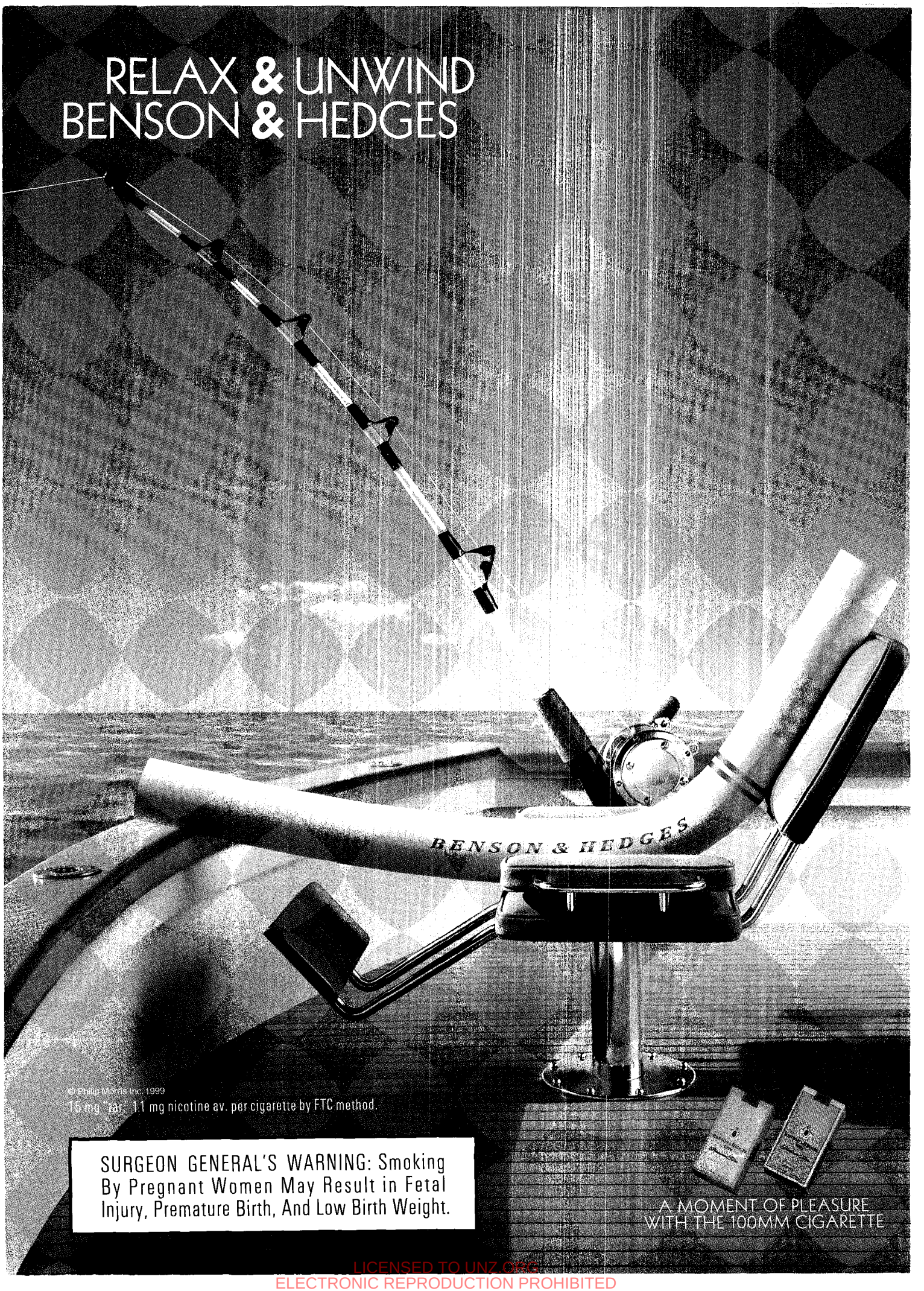
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